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ONCE A WEEK

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PETER FENELON COLLIER,

No. 331 West End Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

THE AMERICAN IDEA.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that an idea is one act of the mind and that a series of ideas strung together more or less consecutively constitutes thought. As here given the American Idea is composed of parts, apparently; but as they spring from a central source I choose to name this series of paragraphs after its source—the American Idea. They all form one undivided whole in the end, anyhow.

To be brief: Talk is cheap, even brilliant talk; action is needed to solve the social problem. While Europe has written five thousand books on the subject, every community in the United States has—or ought to have—an active organization to make life more pleasant and fruitful of good to the individual and the Home.

It is national insanity, in this country whose very life depends on the greatest possible social equality, to allow the natural struggle for existence to have unrestricted sway. Old World conditions are the result of that struggle for nearly six thousand years of written history. We must help one another over here; must live and let live, or we shall add one more to the wrecks of republics with which the pathway of history is strewn. Hence, to array the masses against the classes is an attempt at national suicide. Liberty to great enterprises, and not a niggardly pinching in Governmental subsidies, should be our watchword.

The natural tendency of population toward cities must be resisted over here, because upon the multiplication of the small Home—impossible in wealthy cities—the contentment and independence of our people must depend. Hence we want Home Colonization, under Governmental aid and management, until no waste places remain wherein such independence and contentment may not flourish. The way to do this is—to do it first, and talk about extending our influence abroad afterward. Indeed, influence abroad will spring only from the solidity of the nation-organism at home.

The American Idea is that we have a big job on our hands in this direction—big enough to engage our best energies far into the next century. While we are engaged upon it, we must help one another, corporations and all, and let Old World patterns and theories flourish as long as they may where they have already done a work that we have never approved.

Immigration is permissible only in so far as it does

not interfere with the work of national upbuilding in which we are—or ought to be—engaged. When it does not aid in that work, it interferes with it, negatively. In taking up future Home sites in the Great Interior to the exclusion of our own people, immigration is a positive interference. Its disturbance of the labor market may be serious, but it is a small matter compared with this. Immediate action by American men of wealth and by the State and Federal Governments can check the building of foreign colonies in our midst by giving the Home sites to our own homeless millions, on a strictly business basis of profit, without the slightest admixture of philanthropy or paternalism.

All religions are equal before the law; and no denomination can possibly attain an influence here except in proportion to its activity and vitality within strictly religious lines. Hence religious animosity, organized and public antagonism between different sects, religious proscription, private, legislative or communal, are all opposed to the American Idea. He who stirs up strife—on the assumption that any religious sect can be a menace to American institutions—is a public enemy. There is room for all religious denominations here. There is need for them all. All our people cannot believe alike, but all need religion and morality. An irreligious republic must fall by its own internal weakness, because it is upon the conscience of the individual citizen that the permanence of American institutions is founded, in the last analysis. We have upbuilding to do; religious bigotry is essentially disintegrating. Its home and birthplace is in Europe. The Thirteen Colonies gained added vitality from every refuge-ship that landed on these shores, from the Puritan at Plymouth to the Methodist of Georgia, and we cannot afford to raise the standard of religious proscription now. Our forefathers came here to escape it before Old Glory was designed, and that emblem of our Then and Now will wave more gracefully in the same fair winds of tolerance that welcomed them, and in the same bright sunshine of fellow-feeling and mutual trustfulness that smiled upon Columbia free, than in the storm and muggy cloud of a dishonest or misguided patriotism that invokes discord under the assumption of a common country threatened, for whose rights and preservation all the sects have contributed defenders—and will do so again, if need be.

The American Idea is here to stay. The life of it is so lusty and so from within that its growth and strength is liable to be underestimated. Misguided men in high places and in the private stations at home, and theorists abroad, often think they are measuring it when they are measuring only their own narrow inner consciousness; they think at times they are restraining and controlling it, as the jelly-fish off Nahant Beach might think it was controlling the under-current of the Atlantic when it reached out from its flat stone to draw in a particle of ooze. The American Idea will become a back-number and a tool for ambition and evil ignorance, when this country goes back to a forgotten past of the world that we did more to obliterate than any other nation or Government. Not until then, I don't think.

JUDEx JUSTNOW.

SHALL WE SUBMIT WITHOUT A STRUGGLE?

It is to the thoughtful citizen, who takes an interest in public affairs, that we must look for effective work in arriving at some practical solution of all our national difficulties and discovering some effective *modus operandi* of self-defense in our dealings with other nations. The intelligent American voters can be relied upon to force their views upon the attention of statesmen, and ONCE A WEEK does not expect to make any impression, editorially, without their attention and thoughtful suggestions. The conclusion of the following courteous letter expresses an impression that is widespread among our people. Before we are through with the subject, however, we will probably see more clearly than at present to what extent it will be necessary to submit to the injustice referred to. The cool and deliberate autumn is upon us, and the study is worth while. This letter affords food for thought, and we prefer to let our readers examine it, without comment, for the present:

31 Milk Street, Boston, Aug. 30, 1895.

TO EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

I have read what you say in ONCE A WEEK, August 29, in regard to the financial situation, including the silver difficulty as discussed by Messrs. Horr and Harvey. I like your remarks very much, and hope you will get at the bottom facts relating to the controversy. I think that Mr. Harvey attributes the financial troubles, such as they are, since 1873, to some action of Congress which demonetized silver, as he charges.

Now I say that the action of Germany, which de-

monetized silver in March, 1873, followed by Sweden, Norway and Denmark in April, and Latin Europe before midsummer of the same year, was very much more responsible for the panic of 1873, and the subsequent reduction of prices, than anything done afterward in this country. I do not doubt that the panic which then swept over the world, and was not confined to this country, was very disastrous. But I very much doubt the feasibility of any movement in this country alone and unaided by the other principal nations of the world, to go back to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, which certainly existed in France up to the summer of 1873. The injustice has been done, and it had better be submitted to as a thing accomplished.

Respectfully,

HENRY N. STONE.

There has been rather a foolish exchange of sharp words of late between the poet Swinburne and Eric Mackay, the author of the "The Love Letters of a Violinist," one of the most beautiful productions of the day. Mackay, it seems, wrote an energetic letter to Swinburne's crushing acknowledgment of a recent ode, and Swinburne's lawyer has answered in an unexpected manner, warning Mackay that he must not dare to address any further letters to the mighty Swinburne if he wants to keep out of the clutches of the police. This is really quite childish. Mackay is a man who has made his mark in literature. Some things he has written are veritable gems. Why should the mighty Swinburne take on so? The brother of Marie Corelli and the son of the late Charles Mackay deserves better treatment at the hands of even the greatest bard of the world.

Funny, is it not, to hear from Paris, of all places in the world, so much opposition to women wearing a common sense bicycling costume. Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Melba and other prominent women pronounce vigorously against the trousers as part of the bicycling costume. They are afraid that the innovation will gradually lead to the adoption of trousers as a regular part of feminine dress on and off the bicycle. Perhaps it is really the beginning of a revolution in female attire.

But isn't it rather drawing it extravagantly when a woman like Eugenie Buffet, a leading music hall star, declares that "the trousers, loose or tight-fitting, impart to women a species of ambiguous allurements." In men's eyes the trousers on woman's lower extremities is not a thing of beauty or allurements at all. It is ugly and not a bit enticing.

Justin McCarthy, it is said, has resolved to surrender his leadership of the Home Rule forces at an early day. If so mild-mannered and genial a patriot as the accomplished novelist cannot soften the asperities of the rival Home Rule factions it will be difficult to find one who can. Perhaps it is his very courtliness and rare benevolence that unfit him for the task. Parnell was despotic. McCarthy has been too good-natured and easy-going. Who will succeed to him as head of the anti-Parnell party? Not Sexton, for he has retired. Not Tim Healy, for he would only make bad worse. Not T. P. O'Connor, for he has no followers enough. What a pity both Parnellites and anti-Parnellites can't bury their differences and agree to work only for their country's good!

Comptroller Bowler of the Treasury Department has finally decided that he will not pay any of the sugar bounty, \$5,250,000, and has ordered the case before him to be taken to the Court of Claims. Of the total sum \$5,000,000 was appropriated by Congress to pay for the crop of 1894 which was planted before the repeal of the McKinley Law, and the rest in sugar already manufactured under that law. The case in point was that of the Oxnard Beet Sugar Company of Nebraska with a claim of \$11,782.50.

As a temporary experiment to raise money Chicago offered tax warrants for sale, which her own banks refused to buy. The ground of the refusal was that such warrants could be legally issued only to actual creditors of the city. For a while a New York banking house seemed inclined to buy \$1,500,000 of the warrants, but finally declined. But Chicago must have money, and her banks have promised to come to her relief in some way.

Remorse is the most frequent cause of suicide. The chief causes of suicide among women are unrequited love and jealousy. Suicide is more prevalent in a republic than it is under a despotism, since the latter forbids that feverish striving to advance one's self. There is no doubt that a tendency to suicide can be inherited. These things were said and agreed to at the Medico-Legal Conference, in this city, September 5. Hypnotism also received attention. Dr. Forbes Winslow of London, England, favored the application of this mysterious power in the treatment of certain ailments.

The bankers of this city have already made arrangements to begin a campaign of education on the currency question, for the benefit of the coming session of Congress. Meantime the New York Tribune announces that the currency question is out of the way and that the issue for 1896 will be the tariff.

THE INTERNATIONAL BLACK FLAG.

IN modern history, the semi-barbaric greed of conquest characterized the civilized nations of the earth, our own country not excepted, up to and including the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. It has been succeeded by a new greed, the more humane and, perhaps, more justifiable efforts at national aggrandizement in the direction of increased wealth and extended commercial advantages. Nations at first seemed to have been getting together a domain and a dominance over weaker nations sufficient to engage the full energy of their national aspirations; now they are engaged in upbuilding from within, in setting their households in order, and in striving for supremacy and the best end of the bargain in the commerce and carrying trade of the world. During the former period, the black flag was seldom raised, and generous quarter was not infrequently given to the vanquished—generous, that is, if we concede the principle that a victorious belligerent has the right to enforce indemnity for its expenditure of blood and treasure during the hostilities. Such a thing as no quarter was unheard of, except in rare instances of racial and sectarian animosity. In the new warfare, the material upbuilding of nations and the essential selfishness of nation organisms have made no-quarter the rule and not the exception. That nation that stands in the swath of another nation's superior weapons must step aside, and has no choice in the matter. These commercial weapons are not deadly; they simply sweep away all obstacles with irresistible force.

The mailed hand of courage was stayed on the battlefield, because man is human even in carnage; the heavy though velvet hand of commercial supremacy is not stayed, because it is the hand of peace distributing the good things of a world abounding in plenty, and in obedience to the laws of trade that do not respond to Governmental legislation unless the people succeed in establishing certain essential conditions of internal prosperity that will turn the laws of trade favorably in their direction. The international black flag in the fight for commercial supremacy is at present uplifted throughout the world. All compromises by the strong, with and for the apparent relief of the weak in this struggle, are the merest temporary makeshifts of Shylock to tighten his hold in the end and to smoothen his path to incontestable victory meanwhile.

These generalizations, justified by the commercial history of the Old World for centuries and of the New World for the last thirty-four years, leave little hope for the scheme of international bimetalism. The nations of Europe are taking care of themselves, commercially, when they cling to the gold standard. They have the past, we have the future. Their natural resources, even the soil that is to feed them, have passed their prime; ours contain incalculable possibilities of created wealth for the development of which, it seems, the dear money of Europe is available for the asking every time we are willing to mortgage our future to obtain it. The estate and income classes of Europe would collapse into shabby genteel pauperism under "cheap" money. Therefore these classes—the law-making power of Europe—propose to take a lien on as much of our future as they can with as little gold as possible. The idea of a compromise in this connection would presuppose a reversal of the universal instinct of self-preservation, and an incontinent giving up of the struggle, on the part of the privileged classes of Europe, whose hereditary instinct is, to be masters of the situation.

This particular instance—the monetary trouble—is a typical illustration of the international black flag now raised, as we believe, against the present prosperity and future destiny of this country, by the older countries of Europe. Gladstone raised it defiantly, at the time of the Brussels Conference, when he proclaimed in the House of Commons that England has an advantage in the gold standard and does not propose to yield it for the benefit of the United States that is interested in the monetization of silver at a fixed ratio with gold. Any attempt to compromise a defiance of this kind can result in nothing but a substitution of some other form of the same advantage that will be at least equal to, probably greater than, the one that is yielded.

We do not favor the policy of submitting to the monetary dictation of Europe, as the gold-standard monometallists of this country propose. Constantly issuing bonds for gold from abroad to replenish our Treasury reserve, such bonds being payable after thirty to fifty years, will simply keep us settling up with Europeans from time to time, and giving up a large share of the profits that should go to enrich our own country, while at the same time we shall be keeping our great industrial enterprises themselves constantly under the European thumb. The term "American investments" has come to mean a huge game of black-mail practiced by foreign investors. They draw distinctions sharply between our Government bonds, and American industrial stocks and bonds. The fact is, the former are to be paid according to the terms "nominated in the bond," and so are the latter. To the investor neither of them can be anything but a business transaction. Whether the gold reserve is kept up or not, the foreign bondholders of our American railroad or manufacturing corporation have the right to foreclose against

default and get back their money to the full extent of their share in the collateral put up by either property. If they are gold bonds, and nobody else can pay the amount of their claim in gold, the foreign bondholders can buy in the properties themselves. If in the end they have lost money, that was not the fault of the American monetary standard, but of the property in which they had invested, or of its management.

The European cry against American industrial securities, from time to time, on account of threatened financial legislation in favor of silver is made, therefore, in bad faith. It is another form of the commercial black flag raised against us by Europe.

Besides the gold monometallists in this country, an influential party is rising up, both East and West, that favors a monetary compromise with Europe, on the lines of international bimetalism. If this scheme means that Europe will agree unconditionally to the 16 to 1 ratio, the case is closed. Our silver mines will do the rest. European gold will get fewer ocean voyages and American gold may go abroad whenever and wherever it listeth. But suppose a ratio of 30 to 1 or 32 to 1 is demanded by our friends abroad, and that we compromise on a ratio of 25 to 1? We should be more tightly bound than ever; and, mark you, the gold standard would still remain.

The third party on this question favors free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver, and that we "go it alone," opposed by European nations. If this policy prevailed we would have plenty of money, "such as it is." Whether everybody would get some of it or not, is another question. Probably not. If Europe took any of it, she would buy it at the world's market price. But she would hardly take any at all. We might prevent the importation of foreign silver for coinage and reserve that privilege for American mines alone. Then the mines might curtail their output, so as to keep our own gold coinage within the 16 to 1 hailing distance of silver. If gold were no better here than silver at that ratio, some of our citizens might buy foreign goods with their gold and domestic products with their silver. Foreign goods would be quoted at so many dollars in gold and at twice as many in silver, while at the same time the same line or grade of goods could be bought here at home at the same price in either coin. Things would be very much mixed indeed. About the only way to tell what would happen, would be to try it.

But while the experiment is under way the European black flag is still unfurled. Gold and silver being harnessed at 16 to 1 here, European investors and their agents might get hold of all the gold and leave us and our investments severely alone. Or would they buy our silver dollars with gold dollars two for one, and invest the silver in American stocks and bonds? Where would they get the white dollars at that figure? In Wall Street? Perhaps. But if they could buy American silver dollars two for one of gold, it would be because there was no chance for investment in American enterprises wherein the silver dollar is valued at the same figure as the gold. The tangle is bad enough. Let us drop it before it grows worse.

There are other ways to answer this European black flag. First let us ask, Will it pay to develop the natural wealth of the United States, those stored-up treasures that Nature has given to us, in soil, mine, forest, stream, seacoast and variety of climate? This question is answered in the affirmative by the cautious, even the timid, capital of the civilized world; by the flood of immigration; by Mulhall's statistics; by the very black flag that Europe has raised against our monetary efforts for the purpose of robbing us permanently of a part of our future profits.

If our future is a paying investment, we must take care of it in the present. We must build up from within, before we can hope to succeed in the markets of the world. If other nations can carry wheat from Australia and Argentina, half or two-thirds the semi-circumference of the globe, and land it in Europe cheaper than we can send it three thousand miles across the Atlantic, it is because our means of internal transportation are inadequate; and deep waterways between the grain-growing interior and the Atlantic seaboard are imperatively demanded. American grain of all kinds can be raised cheaper than any other country can raise it, and it is the equal of any other in quality. If we want foreign money we must sell this grain. If we get a balance in our favor increasing from year to year, as it easily may, foreign investors will have less to say about monetary standards and American securities.

The people, primarily, have the destinies of the country in their hands. On their part, the exclusive purchase of home products whenever practicable, even at a slight sacrifice, will be an all-effective answer to the hostile stand of Europe against the ratio of 16 to 1. Economy they owe to themselves as individuals; but there is a national importance attached to it in this crisis. A great deal of the money squandered by the American people, rich and poor, finds its way to the European strong-box. If you look this up, you will be astonished.

The Government of the United States, backed up by the thrift of an industrious population, can in the near future solve this vexatious problem of our chronic and growing indebtedness to Europe, and the latter's growing power of dictation in our monetary and even in our

industrial affairs. An irredeemable, popular loan, paying three per cent interest in perpetuity—the principal not payable by the Government at all—would place this country on the safe road to permanent future prosperity. England and France, the two wealthiest moneyed nations of the world, have such funds. Successive series of such loans, of one hundred million dollars each, could be used by the Government in great internal improvements that are much needed, in home colonization, in irrigation of waste lands, in subsidizing American lines of steamers, and in other great national undertakings.

There can be no doubt that this country can take care of all of her own investments, achieve her own destined greatness without the aid of the European strong-box, "provide for the common defense, and promote the general welfare," much more effectively by the aid of this great popular loan than without it. If England and France are "good" for such a loan, the untouched wealth of this new country ought to make acceptable collateral for a similar financial scheme. In the face of the European black flag, we can raise one of our own. In the battle for commercial supremacy we need ask no quarter from the foreign investor; and not getting it, neither need we give it.

One lesson we can learn from the older countries and that is, Let us take care of ourselves first. It is a poor country on which every other country holds mortgages. Then let us pay them off and take them up among ourselves.

If we do not, the black flag may be succeeded by the red flag of auction day. Of the two flags, we prefer the former.

Last week at Daly's Theatre the grandest stage spectacle seen in the metropolis for many years was presented in "The Queen's Necklace," an English adaptation of Dumas' novel. There were eleven sets of scenery, gorgeous, rich, accurate and tasteful. Mrs. Potter, in the dual role of Marie Antoinette and Olivia, her double, gave a notable proof of her astonishing versatility. As the Queen she was gracious, beautiful, dignified, tactful, sincere and refined; as the rollicking Olivia, she was thoughtless, hoydenish and the extreme reverse in every characteristic. It was the greatest triumph yet achieved by this peerless Queen of the American stage.

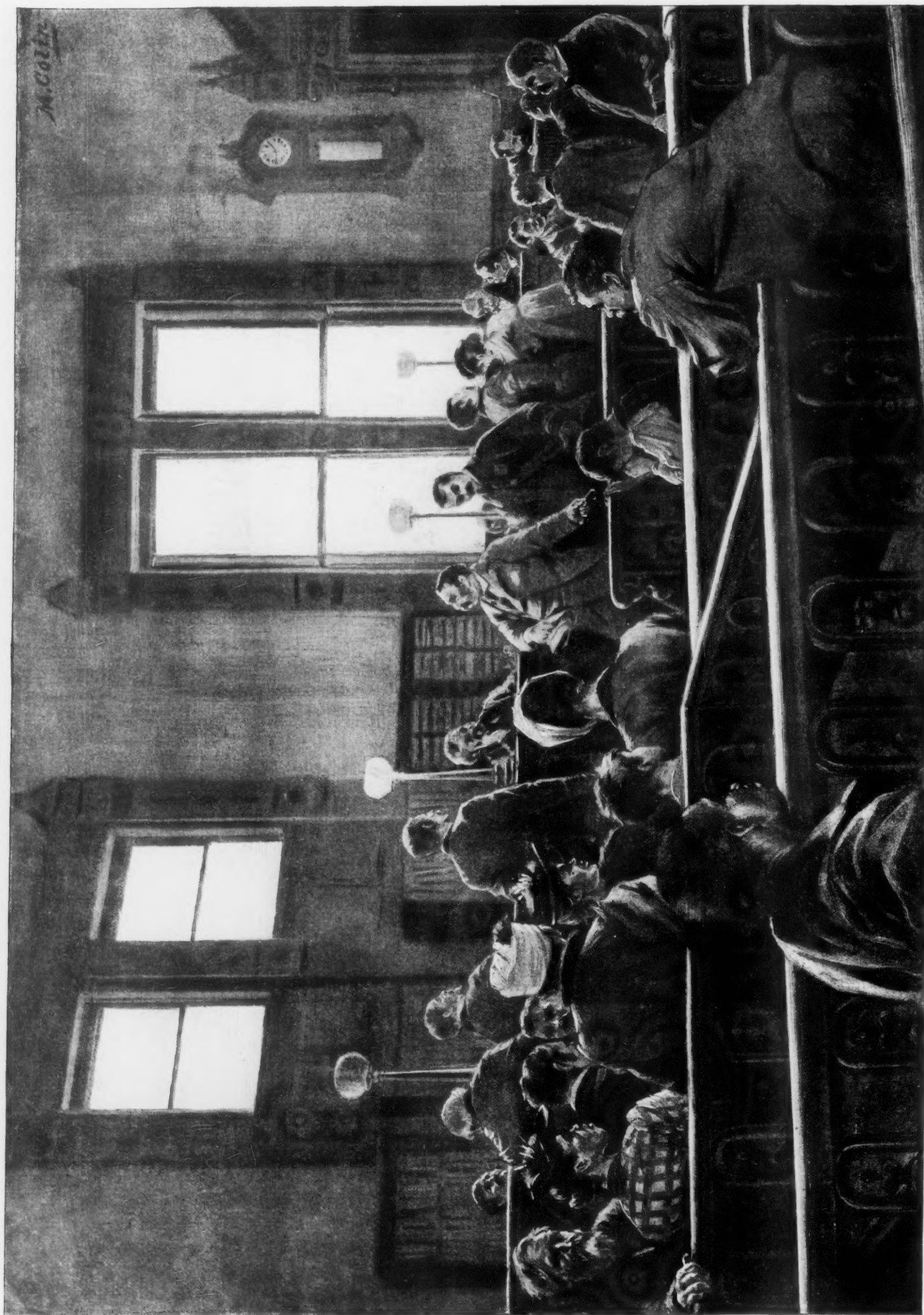
The four Middle Atlantic States—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware—were shaken by an earthquake, Sunday, September 1, at 6 A.M. It was slight in this city, but very sharp in New Jersey and to the east of us. Not being in the earthquake business, the metropolis had no seismograph to measure the trend and general view-point of this one. The 'mometers for measuring heat, humidity and other meteorological conditions showed some queer tracings, however, in the Weather Bureau presided over by Elias B. Dunn. These sensitive instruments are fitted with delicate, steel-pointed pens on a slowly revolving paper-covered cylinder. These pens wobbled considerably during the quake, as shown by the tracings on the cylinder. Mr. Dunn was in bed in Brooklyn, but awoke in time to catch his watch from the bedpost. He noted the fact that ten seconds elapsed before quiet was restored in terra firma. The tremor ran north and south. This is the fourth earthquake that has visited this city in eleven years, the other three being in 1881, 1886, 1893.

The increase of lunacy in England may be estimated from this statement by the eminent Dr. Forbes Winslow, at the Medico-Legal Conference now in session in this city: In ten years there has been a growth of more than one thousand in every ten thousand persons. In Great Britain the proportion of lunatics is one in four hundred of the population; in the United States, one in six hundred and twenty-three. Americans seem to have less time for lunacy than their cousins abroad.

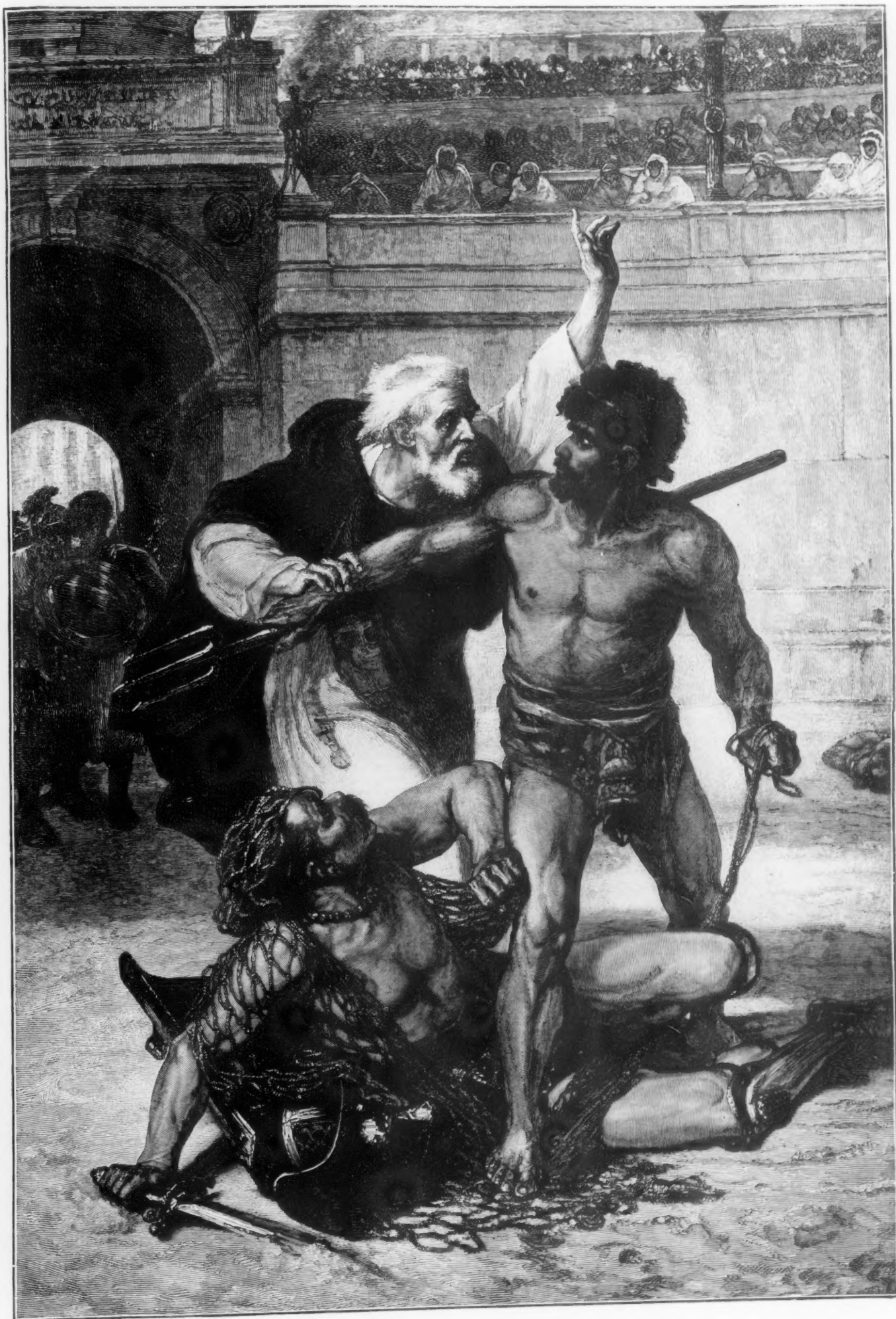
One death has resulted to date from what might have been a horrible disaster on Labor Day at Woodlawn, Long Island, on the Sea Beach Railroad. It was a rear-end collision. A wild engine ran into eighteen cars loaded with more than two thousand excursionists. One account of the affair is this: The heavy train was pushed out of the Bay Ridge yard, and the helping engine backed to the "bumping post" near the ferry. It was stated that the engineer of the latter tried to make a quick stop at the post, reverse his engine and open the throttle; that he and his fireman were thrown or jumped from the engine when it struck the post, and that the forward speed was so great that they could not get on again. The engineer, fireman and three other employees of the yard train have been arrested.

Retail milk dealers of this city have confessed to selling adulterated milk. They implicate the big firms, and there are lively times ahead for all of them.

Labor Leader John Burns of England is having a busy time repelling charges to the effect that he attended more closely to his canvass for a seat in the House of Commons than to the interests of the unemployed.



SUNDAY MORNING IN JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT.



THE WARNING.

WEST INDIAN WAYSIDE INNS.

WE had driven, since one o'clock, twenty-five miles, mostly uphill, having telegraphed a friend the day previous to meet us here at Mt. Hope. He was to show us the place, and we were to spend the night there. When we learned that he had not arrived, and was not expected until the following morning, we looked at each other in consternation. It afterward transpired that our telegram had not been delivered. Mt. Hope is the name given to a big house and estate in the western part of Jamaica. It had been for some years unoccupied, and was for sale. The house was occupied as to its basement by a brown care-taker, his wife and sister, and a lot of little giggling and staring picaninnies. They had heard nothing of us and our expectations, and, though obliging enough in a general way, were not prepared to assume the responsibility of entertaining us for the night. Sunset was not far off, and, as everybody knows, there is no twilight to speak of in the Tropics. It would be dark night long before we could get back to Appleton. Besides, the horses could not be expected to go so far without food and rest. So, what was to be done?

We put that question to Burton, our driver, who was sitting like a Sphinx, only waiting to be questioned.

Burton is a personage in the full sense of the term, known all over the Island of Jamaica; and there are few things about Jamaica that Burton does not know. He drives for Munton's Livery Stable, and had for seven years driven the same pair of ponies now attached to the pole of our carriage. He drives the Judges on circuit, and all distinguished strangers exploring the Island. He can tell you the name of every pen, estate and plantation from Morant Point on the east to Bloody Bay on the west. Ask him about any resident of the Island (who is anybody) and he will begin with, "O! yes, sah, I know him ve'y well;" and will then proceed to unfold to you whatever facts about him may be pertinent to the occasion. Yet his discretion equals his knowledge, and you will never hear from him anything that might be construed to the disadvantage of anybody. Burton, like all genuine born drivers, is a deeply observant man, a charitable, thoughtful, self-possessed man, and a man, moreover, of humor and good judgment. But Burton, although he has an agreeable and instructive flow of conversation with those whom he knows, and who have the good sense to ask him things, never wags his tongue at peradventure. This was the first day of our acquaintance with him, and we were not yet aware how safe we were in his hands. So that it was with no sanguine hopes that we said to him, in our predicament: "What are we to do, Burton? Is there any place hereabouts where we can get a room for the night?"

"O! yes, missis," replied Burton, with sober cheerfulness, gently removing a fly from the off horse's forehead with a flick of his whip. "Ve'y good hotel, Missis Forde, down dere."

"You don't mean that little village we passed through half an hour ago?"

"O! yes, sah. Qui-ite good place. New house, missis."

Burton's voice is light and rather high-pitched; he speaks in an even, unhurried tone, with an emphasis—or lack of it—so equally distributed over his syllables that until you are used to it you must listen closely to understand him. His speech does not in the least resemble the American nigger dialect so extensively exploited in our contemporary literature. I have sometimes thought his "accent" was something like that of a philosophic and unhurried Frenchman expressing himself in English. Be that as it may, it cannot be reproduced in writing. Paganini or Ole Bull might have indicated it on the violin.

We did not feel greatly reassured. For the village in which Mrs. Forde's Hotel was said to be had struck us, as we had rapidly rattled through it that afternoon, as being the ultimate expression of all that is exclusively and unattractively negroid in Jamaica. It was not picturesque with the native flavor and simplicity. It resembled a fourth-rate, ramshackle Western frontier settlement, here to-day and gone to-morrow; houses rudely thrown together with dingy boards and galvanized iron roofs; a shipshod, indolent, straggling population; pigs, goats and fowls patrolling the single crooked, unkempt street; a mangy cur or two yapping here and there. How could a good hotel exist in such a place as this? Who—unless caught as we were between the devil and the deep sea—would think of putting up in such a village as this of Newmarket (such was its name)? However, we must either put up with Mistress Forde, or camp out in the carriage, with no supper; for we had eaten our supper for lunch. We intimated our resignation to Burton, and he drove carefully and equably back to Newmarket, and pulled up in front of the hotel.

We saw a smallish wooden house, painted gray within comparatively recent times, standing on a sharply sloping declivity, with its fore-feet in the road, and its hind-quarters resting on the top of the knoll fifteen feet above. The facade was composite. The projecting upper floor was supported on wooden posts, planted in the road, and forming the entrance to a sort of variety shop, or corner-grocery, filling the basement of the structure. A narrow veranda crossed the front above. A glass door opened upon it. On the east corner of the house protruded a shingle, bearing the legend: "LODGINGS." All wayside or village inns call themselves by this modest and noncommittal name in Jamaica.

The entrance to the Lodgings was up the bank. Burton called to his horses, and up they scrambled. We alighted, and were confronted by a brown man with a black, sparse beard, a shrewd yet innocent, or uncultivated, face, a very respectable suit of clothes, and a bearing to match. He was the only "Mrs. Forde" we ever saw. He smiled shyly; he had rooms; barefoot girls and a boy appeared and collared our baggage; the proprietor named his terms (we afterward learned that he overcharged us two shillings); we followed our baggage into the house. We were shown into a sitting-room, extending the width of the house, and then into a bedroom, which seemed hardly as big as the big bed

which it contained. Adjoining it was the dining-room, twenty-five feet long by seven wide—in fact, an enclosed veranda with an outer wall of green jalousies. We ordered dinner—lots of it—washed our hands and faces, and sat down on the veranda of the sitting-room to wait for the dinner-bell. The street, and the whole village, lay before us.

Newmarket contains twenty buildings of different sizes and styles, standing in various attitudes, on either side of a hundred yards or so of curving, descending road. Most of them are small—rather booths than houses—with a shed-roof projecting from the front, beneath the shade of which the owner and his cronies sit and gossip; or, if the owner be an artificer—a tailor, for example—he has his sewing machine out there, and does his work in the public eye, sitting on a soap-box turned up on end. The booths are made of boards loosely put together, roofed with shingles roughly applied, or with the new-fangled corrugated iron sheets. They lean indolently this way and that, as if they were tired of waiting for something stronger and straighter to appear and take their places. Behind most of them are sheds and outhouses even more demoralized than they. On the north side of the road, however, is a large edifice, some forty feet long, with a broad corrugated roof, and two tall bamboo poles flying the Japanese flag. There is nothing else Japanese about the establishment, which is a general store, owned, probably, by a syndicate of local capitalists. The architecture is of the packing-case order, but made plumb and square, the newest and most unsightly structure in the whole collection.

There is a public pound in Newmarket, and a good many horses, mules and donkeys hang about the place, some hitched to the posts of the sheds, some bedridden by barefoot riders, some wandering here and there as they will. In fact, the village itself seems to be the pound; I could detect no special inclosure. Steeds, with or without visible proprietors, call in there to pass the time of day, and when they have done so there is apparently nothing to prevent their leaving.

The place lies in an irregular hollow, surrounded by hills with jagged outlines, and itself on high ground—about two thousand feet above the sea. The forest, as usual, crowds up to the back doors of the houses, and sweeps in thick array up and over the heights beyond. In the west, as twilight fell, the planet Venus stood like a daughter of the moon, promising to equal the radiance of her mother. It may be bad mythology to make Diana the parent of the Queen of Love, but in Jamaica the etiquette of stellar relationships becomes relaxed. Jupiter, in the zenith, was driving before him the full team of the Pleiades, "tangled in a silver braid." But here the barefoot girl came to tell us that dinner was ready, and we went in.

It was an excellent and abundant meal. In truth, during the last half-hour we had observed figures, bearing in their hands covered burdens, directing their steps toward the door of our hostelry, as if drawn thither by some magnetic attraction. The conviction was forced upon us that the whole municipality of Newmarket was conspiring to feed us. And so it was. Each householder contributed according to his resources—yams from one, fish from another, bread-fruit from a third, roast leg of mutton (excellent) from a fourth. We ate and ate; our mountain appetite was satisfied. We ate still more, to repletion; and still the viands loomed around us. We had to leave the bananas and oranges till later, and ordered our coffee brought out on the front veranda, to which we now returned.

There were two American straw-seated rocking-chairs, in which we sat. I lighted a cigar. A tall lamp burned on the table within, and we might, had we wished, have perused by its light some newspapers of two months ago, which were lying on the round mahogany centre-table. The sitting-room contained two other (console) mahogany tables, half a dozen cane chairs, a black horsehair sofa in the style of 1840, and, on the polished floor, a couple of small rugs. The walls were painted gray; the ceiling (which was but the reverse side of the beams and boards of the roof) was white; the folding-doors giving on the veranda were varnished, and still sticky; there were four windows, with white muslin shades. In the card-tray on the centre-table was a single ancient card—the business card of an American commercial traveler. That, and the newspapers, comprised the library of the establishment.

But we preferred to sit out on the veranda. A soft, transparent darkness overspread the village street, and all the basin of the little valley. Overhead was the purple luminousness of a starry sky, diversified with a few streaks of ragged, fantastic cloud. From two or three of the booths shone the red light of lamps; one came from the tailor's shop, where a suit promised for the morrow was receiving its finishing touches. We were fortunate enough to see this work of art the next day before breakfast: a young dandy went into the shop a ragamuffin, and presently reappeared a dandy, in a light buff sack coat, fitting snug, and very short; trousers of the same, exceeding tight; the whole trimmed with broad, dark-brown braid. His feet, large, and of the same color as the braid, were bare. The fresh morning sun shone upon him as he went up the mountain road with a light step and a contented heart. The Oreads of the vicinity must have found him irresistible that day.

But let us return to our tropic night. A couple of small dogs, audible, but barely visible, met in the centre of the road, and were enamored of each other. Three young fellows stood opposite the tailor's shop; down the hill toward them came two maidens, walking hand in hand, with that air of intense preoccupation in nothing which marks the female in the presence of possible beaux. They passed, amid silence on both sides. The trouble was, there was one beau too many, or one belle too few; it was a pity. At the other end of the street there were noises as if a horse had detached himself from something, and were cantering about in defiant freedom; but no one ran after him. Behind the straggling row of houses, against the dark, motionless masses of wild vegetation, there was a continual green twinkle of fireflies. The silence constantly deepened: the pulsating call of the tree-toads in the forest only made its depth more perceptible. The lamp in the tailor's shop went out—the last inch of

brown braid had been sewed on. The three futile beaux disappeared silently; the two maidens returned not; the little dogs had separated, to yap perfunctorily in defense of their respective homesteads; the unpursued horse came plodding shamefacedly back of his own accord. Newmarket had gone to bed; only the immortal forest waked and whispered. Venus had vanished beneath the western hill; Jupiter and the Pleiades swung low. A new, brilliant star was rising in the east. It was a lovely scene—indescribably, unaccountably lovely, as all tropic nights are.

The next morning, as we sat at breakfast, with our elbows elevated—for I forgot to say that the dining-table was some six or eight inches higher than any table we had ever before sat down to, and made us feel like small children admitted to take our meal with older and larger persons—we said that Newmarket was a delightful place, and that Mistress Forde's Lodgings was an unexceptionable Wayside Inn—clean, cool, quiet, comfortable, and—with the help of the community—more than able to give us redundant dinners and breakfasts. We paid our bill, and, being as yet unaware of any overcharge, thought it charmingly cheap. After all, I think that bearded innocent saved his conscience by the copiousness of his supplies, by the numberless oranges with which he covered the bottom of the carriage, and by the noble proportions of the cold lunch he put up for us. I do not grudge him his fifty cents. I have paid more for one sleepless night in New York, without food or service, than would keep me wallowing in luxury and attentions for a week at Forde's Lodgings.

Other Lodgings throughout the Island are of a similar character, more or less pretentious. At Montego Bay, in the heart of the pretty, queer little town, we sat on a vine-covered veranda overlooking the narrow street. There was an open court behind the house, with a couple of trees in it, and surrounded by rudely made outhouses; the sitting-room was bigger than at Newmarket, adorned with artificial flowers under glass shades, lithographs of the Prince and Princess of Wales, a statuette on a bracket, a clock that pointed unwaveringly at the hour of 11:17, and a voiceless Englishman sitting in a remote chair, with a pipe and a paper. The dining-room was below, and there was a really superb native colonial sideboard there, of solid mahogany, inlaid with a lighter wood. On the opposite side of the street were small, undemonstrative houses, with ancient paint scaling off them, and palms leaning over their roofs from behind; and up and down the street walked the barefoot population, male and female, the latter always with something on their heads, though one woman was reduced to carrying only a small cake of soap, which had a couple of pennies stuck in it. In Falmouth, which stands in the midst of a mangrove swamp, the air is close and exhausting, and the front windows of our Lodgings were covered with white paint, a mute confession that the prospect therefrom was not inviting. Here, as elsewhere, the partitions of the rooms are not more than seven feet high, and so thin that you can hear your next-door neighbor buttoning his collar; and in one place the walls were actually of linen, waving in the draughts like the scenery of provincial theatres, and with alarming rents in some of them. But you get used to it; and it prevents idle gossip.

At the minute village of Santa Cruz, inland, you take lunch with Mrs. Temple, at Oxford Lodge. It stands a few yards back from the road in its own little garden, protected by a whitewashed wall. It is a two-story house, with rooms on each side of the central passage, which leads through to the back, where you may see the kitchen, and part of the petticoat of Mrs. Temple, cooking dinner in a cloud of savory smoke. Near the threshold lies a black pig, asleep in a voluptuous attitude, with a hen picking the ticks off him. It is a bright, neat little place, with its dark polished floors and mahogany furniture, its lithographs of John Bright and Lillian Russell, its photographs of colored friends of Mrs. Temple, and its large library consisting exclusively of religious works—as, for that matter, do all the Lodgings libraries in the Island. In the front yard, under the shade of a big ebony tree, Burton is taking the horses out of the shafts and watering them. You will have plenty to eat for lunch; but if you choose steak, though it will be well cooked, it will seem to be made of mule. I think pork chops is the safest selection, and they will call themselves mutton chops, if you prefer.

The best Lodgings on the Island are undoubtedly Miss Ray's, in Mandeville. They are distinguished as having been the abode of the historian Froude, during part of his Jamaica sojourn. The house, standing on the high road-embankment, peeping through the garden plants and overhung with trees, looks like a small private cottage from the road; but it has an astonishing amount of space in it. It is the perfection of cleanliness and comfort. You sit out on the embowered veranda, overlooking the road, yet invisible from it; with a view of the race-course, and two giant silk-cottonwoods, one in bloom and the other bare-limbed, as is the habit of this extraordinary vegetable. You fare both sumptuously and delicately, and sleep sound, in the cool mountain air, on the usual hard, clean beds. It is worth noting that none of the bedrooms in Lodgings has a chair in it. You sit on the bed, if you sit at all. There are hooks on the wall, to hang up your things. Such a thing as a closet is all but unknown in Jamaica; I suppose they would encourage rats, mice, centipedes and scorpions. Miss Ray herself is an attractive little brown old lady in black bombazine, very shy, very bountiful, perfectly honest, and (I hope) very prosperous.

The general good quality of Lodgings in Jamaica reveals a fact which I should not otherwise have suspected—that the Island is thoroughly canvassed by commercial travelers, chiefly from the States. They penetrate to its remotest recesses, and everywhere you go you see traces of their success in teaching people what they want. If some of them would cultivate literature as well as trade, we should get inside views of the Gem of the Antilles such as are not likely to be forthcoming otherwise. Meanwhile, we may be thankful to them for keeping the Lodgings up to the mark; so that after each enchanting day of exploration we may be sure of good food and sweet repose. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER, OR THE ADVANCED SENTINEL.

(From the French of George De Ligne.)

TO-DAY the Prussians had drawn back, and we were resting on the conquered position.

The sergeant of the military post had just disappeared behind a rising hill, leaving the conscript Claude Laval as the advanced sentinel. He was stationed near the ruined walls of a cottage, its roofless gables dismantled by the shot and shell.

Night was falling. In the darkening twilight the young soldier felt very uneasy to find himself alone in this dreary winter landscape, where everything seemed metamorphosed by the coming gloom into strange, gigantic shapes. In his excited imagination they were fantastic spectres, for it was a weird place and suggested weird thoughts. He remembered the wild legends he had heard in his peasant home—legends that made him cross himself and shudder with fright.

The sky was low and heavy with fast-thickening clouds; not a star pierced its opaque gloom. Intense silence; only the sharp cry of the wind sweeping through the quivering branches, or the dull lash of a distant river.

Benumbed with cold and fright, the poor boy (he was only nineteen) felt a kind of torpor stealing over him, an unconsciousness of where he was, or why he was there alone in this silent night.

Suddenly a plaintive moan was heard. The young soldier was quickly alert. Aroused from his prostration, he firmly grasped his gun, and with watchful eye tried to penetrate the shadowy gloom. Remembering that his comrades slept under his protection, their safety depending on his vigilance, he reproached himself for his momentary weakness.

Again and again those plaintive moans, then an agonizing cry from the ruined cottage cut the icy night.

Claude lighted a match and ventured to look through the gaping door. In a corner, under a confused heap of broken timber, he saw a human form. Lighting a little taper, he drew near, and by its wavering light recognized an enemy—a Prussian soldier pinned to the ground by a beam lying across his breast. With a gesture of hatred Claude brandished his gun, menacing him with the bayonet, the other regarding him with supplicating, haggard eyes.

Shame restrained the sentinel. An enemy, yes; but wounded and helpless.

He let fall his gun, the butt-end striking the floor with a hard, clanking sound.

"Let him alone, let him die," he muttered, when a gasping voice implored, "Something to drink, for the love of God, something to drink."

The little trooper placed his hand upon his canteen, still warm with the double rations of coffee he had prepared for his night watch, well seasoned with a good drop of *eau de vie*, and said: "Ah, well, my fine fellow, you shall see if I warm the carcass of an enemy at the expense of France." With that he placed the canteen to his lips as if in defiance of the other's piteous appeal, and drank—no, the first mouthful strangled him; this Prussian was a man after all, wounded and suffering.

Leaning his gun against the wall, he bent down and removed the beam that was crushing his breast; then, holding the canteen above the parched lips, he was about to let the coffee trickle into his open mouth when the other seized the can and tried to place it to his mouth. "Put down your hands, or you shall have none," said Claude. "Do you think I will have my canteen soiled by the lips of a Prussian?"

He poured a good draught into the eager mouth, then, taking a drink himself, quickly resumed his place as sentinel, a little frightened at his momentary forgetfulness of duty.

In about half an hour, whether to learn the condition of the wounded man or to shelter himself a moment from the fierce, biting wind, he again entered the hut.

Tortured by fever, the Prussian held his hands toward the canteen. Forgetting his former repugnance, Claude hastily unhooked the flask from his leather belt and handed it to the wounded man; this done, he quickly left the hut.

Four German soldiers stood outside. They seized and disarmed him before he could give the alarm. Many steps were heard approaching, muffled by the heavy snow. A troop halted, commanded by a Bavarian captain. He ordered the prisoner to be taken into the hut, where he interrogated him in French. Claude answered not a word. "I will open your mouth with German bayonets in your stomach," cried the captain. "Where is your military post—your encampment?" Still no answer. "Take him out and torture him until he speaks," said the captain.

"Hold!" gasped a hoarse, trembling voice. The officer was much surprised to see a wounded soldier lying in the corner, and to recognize him as a man of his own company, whom he had counted among the dead.

When he heard his story, how the little sentinel had taken pity on him, he said: "Well, I will spare him; but tie his hands and guard him well. At the least resistance or outcry, bayonet him on the spot. Come, we will soon find the encampment."

Claude was in an agony of despair. He had left his post; he had not given the alarm; his comrades were going to be surprised—to be massacred. How could he warn them? How save them?

He marched quickly by the side of his guards, glad to see they had taken the wrong direction; but the captain soon observed this, and changed his route. This time he was in the right road and would soon reach the encampment.

Suddenly Claude stumbled and fell. The guards stooped down to raise him up; he grasped one of their muskets, in spite of his bound hands, and tried to find the lock. His fingers touched the trigger, a loud detonation broke the icy night, while Claude with all his strength cried, "To arms! to arms!"

Four bayonets pierced the body of the poor boy, who fell bleeding and almost lifeless on the crimson snow. But the report of the musket and his cry had been

heard. The military post was not only aroused, but a portion of the grand army came to the rescue. The Prussians were soon repulsed.

The general in command stood by the ambulance where Claude lay dying. Hearing of his brave and loyal devotion, he wished with his own hand to place the Cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast.

"The poor boy, with a gesture of fright, exclaimed: 'No, no! You must not. Oh! if you only knew.'"

"I do know. You are a brave and gallant soldier who sacrificed your life to save your comrades," replied the general.

"My God! must I dishonor myself before I die?" sobbed the poor boy. "I deserve a court-martial instead of that medal of bravery."

Then with bitter tears he confessed his weakness, his momentary desertion of his post to succor the wounded Prussian. "Just to think, the whole encampment might have been lost through my fault! But that poor German was suffering so much it touched my heart."

"Ah, well, his comrades bravely rewarded you for your kindness," replied the general.

"That was nothing," said Claude, simply. "That is what they said they would do. I expected it; but I would much rather have their bayonets in my body than to see my comrades surprised and cut down in their sleep, all through my fault. I am happy to die, my general. It is beautiful to die for France, when I deserve to be shot."

"Give me your hand, my brave boy; I am proud to command men like you."

Bending down, he placed the Cross upon his wounded breast, where a great tear fell and dimmed its brilliancy.

Claude clasped it with his trembling hands, and, holding it to the general, said: "This is for my mother. You will send it to her, will you not, my general?"

As the general leaned down and promised, the little soldier died, with a happy smile upon his lips.

STORIES OF PUBLIC MEN.

A MEMBER of the United States Senate who is always more or less in the public eye was much embarrassed a few years ago by a publication in a New York newspaper growing out of a mistake in identity. The paper in question was looking for sensations in Washington. The Senator in question had found his little sensation in the family circle. His wife had taken offense at his conduct (just what his delinquency was, I do not know), and she had taken her charming daughter and gone to Paris to live. The Senator was anxious to patch up an understanding so that he could maintain at least the appearance of being at peace with his family. He opened negotiations with the madame with a view to having such an understanding. The negotiations progressed satisfactorily, and the wife was on the point of yielding and returning to Washington. Just at this time appeared in the newspaper a highly colored story telling of the infatuation of the Senator for an actress who was appearing at one of the Washington theatres. The story gave the Senator's name in full, and said that he had appeared at the theatre, in one of the boxes, holding a huge bouquet, which he cast at the actress's feet in so public a manner as to create a scandal. This story went abroad, and renewed the rupture between the Senator and his wife. Meantime a member of the House of Representatives, whose name resembled that of the Senator, was living in deadly terror that the newspaper would print a correction of the story; for the man who had made himself so conspicuous in the theatre-box was he. The matter was adjusted finally so as to leave the member of the House unexposed and to exonerate the Senator; and eventually the Senator's wife was persuaded to return from Paris and to sit at the foot of her husband's table. All of this happened so many years ago that the member of the House is either dead or in profound political obscurity, and the publication at this time will hurt no one.

The likeness of "profound political obscurity" to the silence of the grave was illustrated when a controversy arose in a group of newspaper men at one of the national political conventions about Allen G. Thurman. This was at the National Democratic Convention. Four years before Mr. Thurman had been the nominee of the Democracy for the Vice-Presidency. In one of the Chicago papers the Monday morning preceding the convention of 1892 appeared an interview with young Allen Thurman in which he was quoted as saying that his father had told him the morning before that he must support a certain policy in the convention. This interview, with a great deal of other "scissored" matter, was put on the wires of one of the press associations early. About nine o'clock the manager of the press association came into the room where the operator was and looked over the copy. Coming on this interview, he said: "Why, Allen G. Thurman is dead."

"No, he is not," said the man who filed the copy.

"Of course he is," said the manager; and the general manager from New York, who was near at hand, echoed the statement. A bet was made, and one after another a half-dozen well-informed newspaper correspondents were called in. Not one of them could affirm very positively whether Thurman was dead or alive. A messenger was sent to the headquarters of the New York delegation to ask if any one there could tell. Every one professed profound ignorance. The matter was determined finally by a man from Columbus, O. But one of the reporters of the press association, who had been preparing a description of the decorations of the convention hall, testified that among the memorials of the departed leaders of Democracy ready for hanging was one to Allen G. Thurman.

Political obscurity is a pretty deep grave, and it is likely that, from his advanced age, Mr. Thurman will not emerge from it. But a great many public men who have been retired to what looked like permanent privacy have come to the front again after a few years and have gained even greater renown than in earlier life. One of these was William Windom, Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury, who died in office. When Mr. Windom was defeated for re-election to the Senate he said: "I feel like a spanked boy. I shall never enter political life again." Six years later Mr. Windom took

a seat in the Cabinet of President Harrison, where he made a splendid record as the conservator of national finances. Windom's defeat in 1882 was due to the fact that he had built a magnificent house in Washington. At least it was magnificent for those days. Mr. Windom represented an agricultural constituency; and when his opponents opened their campaign against him, they circulated all through Minnesota pictures of the "palace" which Windom had built at the capital. To the bacolic mind this was evidence of corruption and entirely unfitted Mr. Windom to hold public office. Accordingly he was retired.

Benjamin Harrison was another "has been" in the eyes of a good many people when he failed of re-election to the Senate. He was then a Presidential possibility, but he was not considered a very likely one.

Jere Rusk was another man who seemed likely to disappear from politics early in his public career. He had been a member of the House at Washington, and on his return to Wisconsin the Governor had appointed him State Railway Commissioner. Rusk was glad to get the appointment because he needed the money. But an enemy of his named Price got up a caucus of Republican members and protested against the confirmation on the ground that Rusk had not the education to fit him for the place. "He can't do more than write his own name," said Price. "He's so ignorant that he doesn't know the difference between a bridge truss and an instrument for the relief of hernia." The caucus decided to vote against the confirmation of Rusk, and he was defeated. It looked then as though he would not be seen in public life again. It was predicted freely at Madison that he had come to the end of his political career. Rusk was not ready to retire to private life, however. He came to Washington when Garfield was made President. He had known Garfield when he was in Congress, and they were good friends; and it is related that once when a member of the House dared Garfield to repeat some statement made in debate, Rusk rushed down the aisle turning up his coat-sleeves and shouting: "Say it again, Jim; say it again!" Rusk wanted Garfield to appoint him Minister to Sweden. Senator Sawyer, who admired Rusk, said to him: "You don't want to go abroad. You haven't education enough for a diplomatic post. Go home and run for Governor."

"I haven't money enough to make the campaign," said Rusk.

"I'll supply the money," said Sawyer.

So Rusk went back and made the race for Governor, and he was elected.

Senator Sawyer was an odd genius. He is much missed in the Senate; for, in spite of his utter incapacity as a law-maker, he was popular with his associates. None of them had a great amount of respect for him as a Senator. It was Ingalls who made a bitter comment on Mr. Sawyer which stuck to the Wisconsin Senator all through his term. Some one discussing a public question with Mr. Ingalls said: "Well, but Sawyer thinks—"

"What! Sawyer thinks!" said the Kansas Senator. Then he shook his head very solemnly. "No," he said. "No. Sawyer may have rumblings in his interior occasionally, but you mustn't mistake that for thought."

Mr. Sawyer was a funny-looking little fat man with a well-scanned face and a bald head fringed with gray hair. He loved the simplicity of his old life in the logging camp; and in the beautiful home which he built at Washington for his daughter, Mrs. White, he had a little room fitted up for himself which was hardly finer than a room in a log-cabin. An imaginative correspondent, writing a syndicate letter, said of Mr. Sawyer that he was very wealthy, of kindly disposition, possessing many other good traits (some of which were enumerated), and that he was a widower. Directly after this publication Mr. Sawyer began to receive letters from susceptible women suggesting matrimony, and the mail of this character grew in quantity until his clerk hardly had time to answer all of the communications. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Sawyer was proof against the flatteries of all these applicants for his hand and heart.

Mr. Sawyer used to tell a story to illustrate his reason for staying in the Senate. When he was seventeen years old he bought his time from his father for one hundred dollars and started out in the world to make a fortune. There were no railroads, and young Sawyer traveled through a great part of New York State by wagon and the water route. When he reached Ticonderoga one night he asked the landlord what he would charge to call him and to signal the boat at two o'clock in the morning. To do this the landlord would have to get up at about one o'clock and hang a lantern on the pier.

"Well, young man," said the landlord, "I wouldn't hustle out of bed and get into my clothes and go out on that pier at one o'clock in the morning for ten dollars."

That seemed to settle the boat question, for Sawyer had no ten dollars to spare even if he had been willing to pay it. He was preparing to leave the place when the landlord added: "No, I wouldn't do that for ten dollars. But I've always been doing it for three shillings, and I guess I'll have to do it for that price for you."

Mr. Sawyer said that he wouldn't do the trotting around for people that his constituents demanded of him for one hundred thousand dollars a year; but he kept right on doing it for five thousand dollars a year, and he supposed he would keep on doing it at that rate as long as the people of Wisconsin would let him.

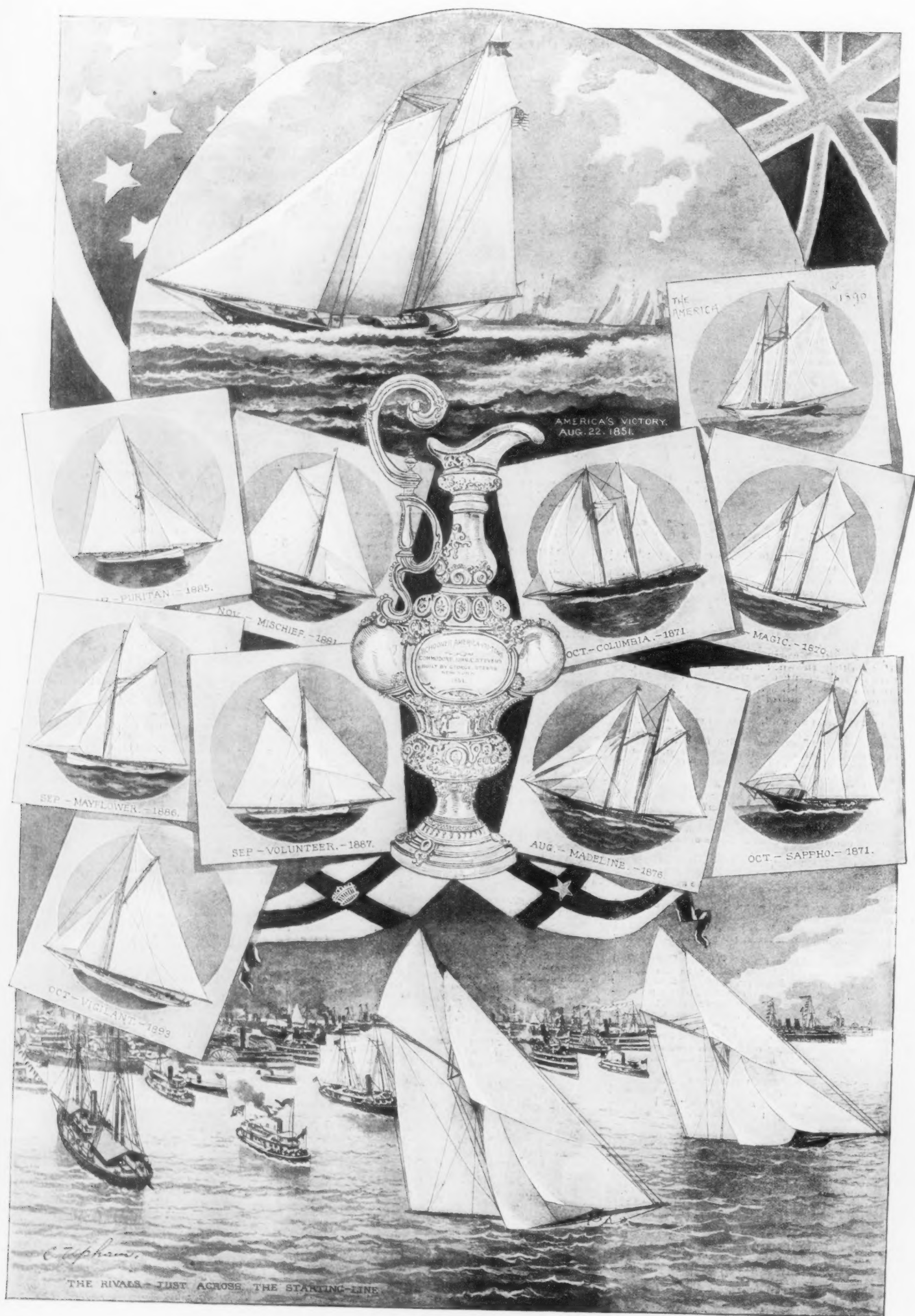
GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE Duke of Orleans, son of the late Count of Paris, has given up his contest against the French Republic.

A GOLDEN HARVEST

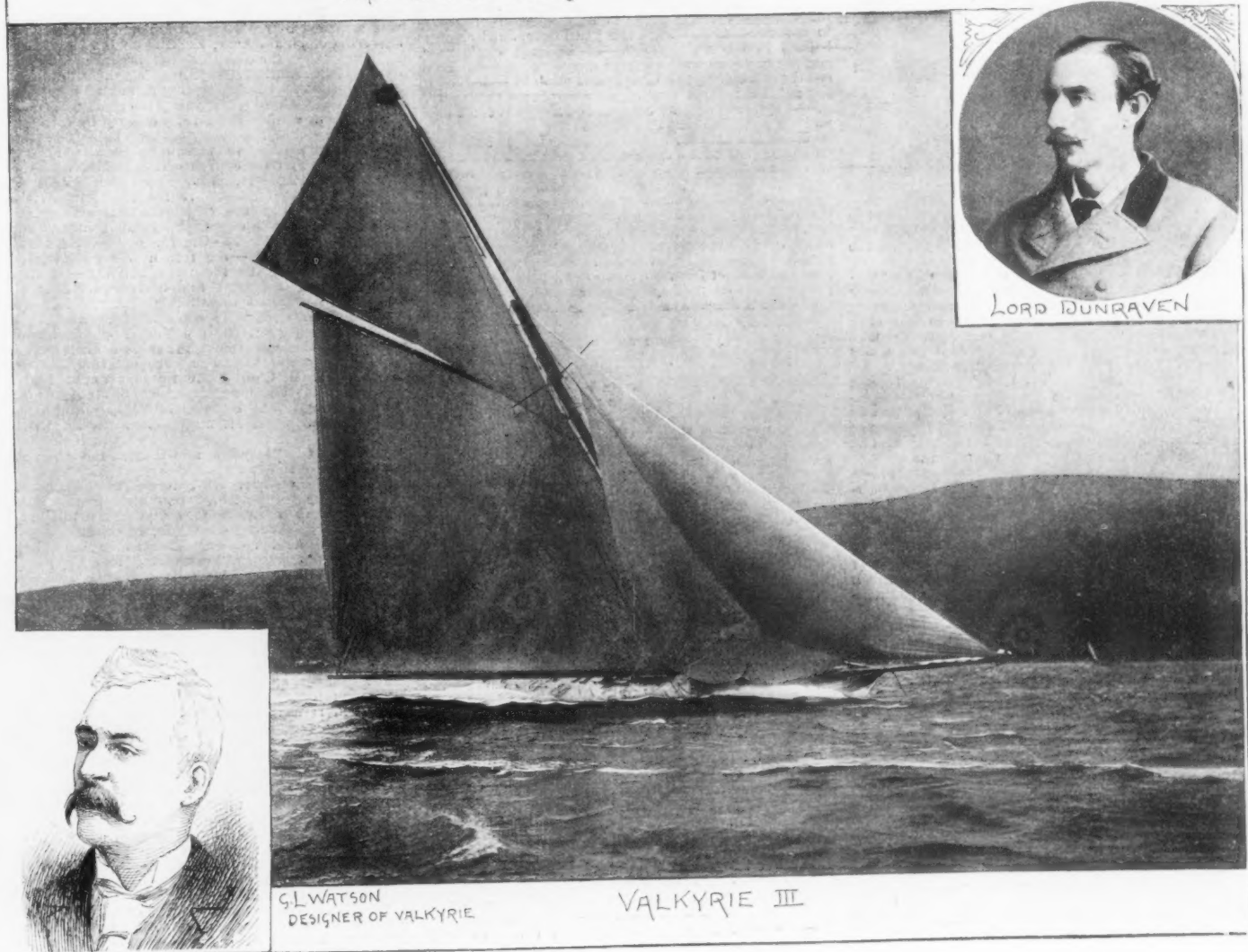
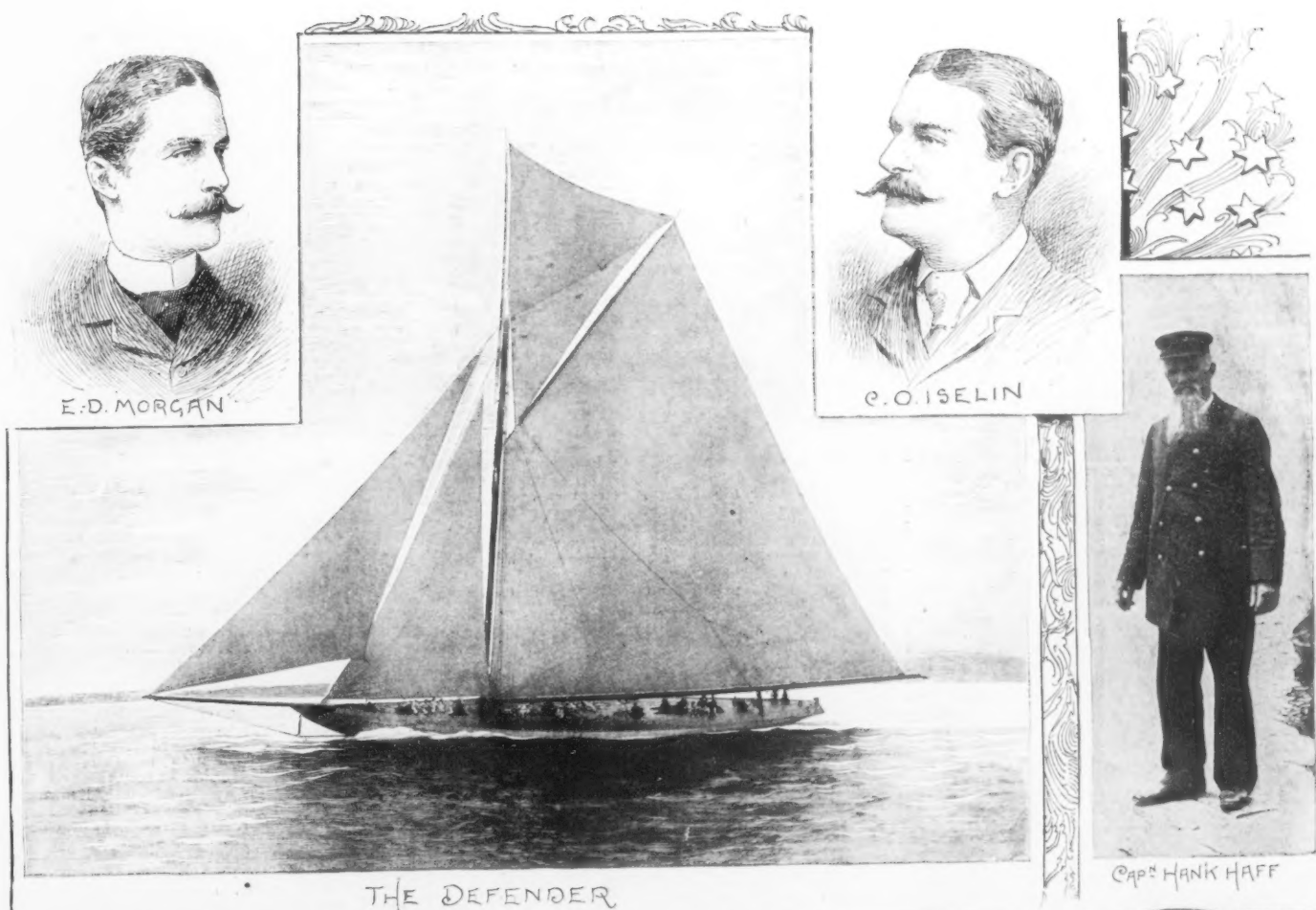
is now assured to the farmers of the West and Northwest, and in order that the people of the more Eastern States may see and realize the magnificent crop conditions which prevail along its lines, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. has arranged a series of three or four Harvest Excursions for August 25, September 10 and 24, for which round trip excursion tickets (good for return on any Friday from September 13 to October 11 inclusive) will be sold to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest at the low rate of about **One Fare**.

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address Geo. H. Braddon, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y., Chicago.



PAST AND PRESENT CUP DEFENDERS.

(See page 10.)



THE RIVAL YACHTS AND THEIR OWNERS.

A SUNDAY IN LINCOLN PARK.

THERE is a herd of shaggy buffalo, some dozing in sandy wallows, others sniffing the mild westerly breeze and blinking their heavy eyes in the bright October sunshine. A beaver toiling on his dam near by grows shy as the hour of noon approaches, and like his prudent neighbor, the otter, dives beneath the surface of the stream and enters his dwelling by a secret subterranean passage. With ponderous movements a huge brown bear climbs to the forked top of a dead elm tree, growls uneasily and crawls down again, while an antelope, in sudden fright, bounds to its feet and is away in the twinkling of an eye. The raccoons chatter, the prairie dogs scurry to their holes, and a peacock, master of ceremonies, spreads his gaudy tail to its utmost limit—for it is Sunday in Lincoln Park.

The chief charm and glory of outdoor Chicago is this strip of umbrageous green stretching a mile and a half along the lake shore north of the river and artificially beautiful by every means at the command of an enlightened and liberal city government. What Central Park is to New York City Lincoln Park is to Chicago. While the former, however, has only one dangerous competitor for popular favor, Riverside, the latter must be placed in constant comparison with no less than five public pleasure-grounds of equal, if not greater, extent—Garfield, Humboldt Douglas, South and Jackson Parks. That such comparisons will never detract from the superior allurements of Lincoln Park is as apparent to the visitor as to the old resident. Lincoln has benefited by two score years of assessments willingly paid by citizens residing in the choicest residence district of the city. Many of these having acquired wealth in the early days, were enabled earlier than their neighbors to acquire that refinement of taste which only leisure and travel can bestow. As a consequence, the payment of their assessments has been accompanied by suggestions as to the best manner of utilizing them. There were the Ogdens, the Farwells, the McCormicks, Lambert Tree, Joseph Medill, Potter Palmer, and a long list of equally powerful families to dictate the manner of embellishing Lincoln Park. But beyond all these advantages was one predominant, supplied by Nature—a sweep of Lake Michigan coast—



THE LAKE.

which no railway or other money-making concern has been allowed to touch. This is the breezy background of the picture, and the Lake Shore Drive is famous the world over.

The land upon which Chicago is built, and that surrounding it for half a score of miles, is almost perfectly flat. But Lincoln Park presents to the eye a charming diversity of scenery. There are green lawns as level as a floor, wooded mounds a hundred feet above the lake level, lakes, grottoes and winding drives, and foot and bridle-paths. The conservatories contain the choicest flowering plants, ferns, palms and strange tropical growths from every country that borders on the equator. The zoological gardens are as well stocked as any in the country, and this means that Lincoln Park is not only the favorite open-air resort of rich North Siders, but the people's pleasure-ground par excellence.

By one o'clock in the afternoon the walks and drives are thronged. The crowd in the zoological gardens is so dense that one can hardly force a passage through the bears' den to the inclosure where the buffalo are kept. Here, crowded against the railing, are all sorts of people in every species of costume. Next to the tall silk hat of a banker one sees the dingy white sombrero of the "cow-puncher" fresh from the plains via the Stock Yards. The banker is not usually inclined to be talkative in the presence of strangers, but the friendly loquacity of the plainsman warms his heart and loosens his tongue.

"Strange to have to come clear from Wyoming to Chicago to see a buffalo, ain't it?" queries the cowboy.



A HOT AFTERNOON.

"Very," answers the banker. "You can't mean, though, that the species is extinct except for specimens kept like these for exhibition?"

"That's just what I mean, stranger. I've been five years on the plains and have seen buffalo bones—stacks of 'em—but these are the first live ones I ever laid my eyes on."

The lions' cage is the centre of attraction for young America—for young German-America as well. These



THE LILY POND.

young men and women, with their long hours of week-day toil in shops and factories, have no time to grow sentimental over the dying race of bison. Nothing short of lions and tigers and other sanguinary beasts of the jungle will satisfy their yearning for the extraordinary. Jim and Lena are types. Later in the afternoon, if the weather does not turn too cool, Jim will take Lena to Ogden's Grove, where beer and pretzels flourish, and where there is a German band and a dancing pavilion. In the meantime Lena, sure of her hold on his affections, is chaffing him.

"Look, Jim," says she, "if you was only that tiger what elegant whiskers you could raise then!" Jim responds by squeezing Lena's hand, and they struggle through the crowd for a look at the sea lions before treating themselves to a swing and a boat ride on the little lake where willow branches overhang and sweep the surface of the smooth water.

Over near the western limit of the park, where the cable cars go jingling along, stopping constantly to let off more pleasure-seekers, there are tennis courts and croquet grounds, while further south, toward Gauden's majestic monument to the martyred President, some youngsters are kicking a football. A steady procession of carriages moves along the Lake Shore Drive, and everywhere flash the flying wheels of the omnipresent bicycle.

From the rocky summit of the bears' den at two o'clock, to the margin of the smiling pond where a magnificent Victoria Regia is surrounded by lily-pods in courtier-like humility, the gentle eastward slope is bathed in the mellow light of brilliant sun's rays, slightly screened by the tops of moving branches. Here stroll young couples whose hearts seem to be bathed in the same soft light that falls on the faces of the lily-pods. Both are equally silent. The lily-pods can't talk, and the young couples don't have to.

There is a charm about this eastern slope of the park on a sunny afternoon that cannot be described in words. During two hours, from four till six, the scene inspires one with the same sensations experienced in gazing at a landscape by one of those masters whose hand knew the magical touch of "atmosphere." Perhaps it is because the fancy is appealed to through the ear as well as the eye, for the music of the orchestra floats over the multitude in waves that seem to have a rhythm separate and distinct from the composer's purpose, a tribute paid by sound to the beauty of the scene. The listening multitude is acres in extent. The great people of society



LISTENING TO THE BAND.

listen from their carriages drawn up in triple lines along the margin of the slope. Every bench is occupied. Under every tree is a baby carriage. Those who cannot for fine raiment recline on the green sward stand in groups. Here and there are clusters of bright-garbed young girls, who laugh carelessly when the music ceases and look pensive when the band plays the Wedding March from Lohengrin. Sometimes the multitude breaks into an ecstasy of applause, and encore after encore finds the scene still unchanged at sunset. Verily music hath charms. But all things must end, even this October Sunday afternoon in Lincoln Park. Soon great balls of electric light appear among the treetops; an electric fountain spouts forth diamonds, sapphires and rubies; and a large policeman admonishes tender couples who linger too fondly in the shadows.

CURTIS DUNHAM.

The Wilson tariff was one year old August 28. The income tax appendage fell by the way, leaving a deficit in the revenue which it was intended to supply under the lower rates of duty and the increased free list. The practical question is now, What must be done to supply that deficit? We cannot afford to borrow money to run the Government.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

FORTY-FOUR years ago Commodore John C. Stevens' famous schooner "America" won the equally famous one hundred-guinea cup at the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta at Cowes, England, on August 22, 1851, in a race around the Isle of Wight, starting from Cowes without time allowance. The cutter "Aurora," 47 tons, finished second; none of the other starters finished—viz., schooners "Beatrice," 161 tons; "Wyvern," 205 tons; "Ione," 75 tons; "Constance," 218 tons; "Gypsy Queen," 160 tons; "Mona," 82 tons; "Bacchante," 80 tons; "Freak," 60 tons, and "Eclipse," 50 tons. The "America" was rated at 170 tons. In 1857 the America's cup was presented to the New York Yacht Club by its owners, Messrs. J. C. Stewart, Edwin A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. Beedman Finley and George L. Schuyler, as a perpetual challenge cup. On August 8, 1870, Mr. J. Ashbury's schooner "Cambria," representing several English yacht clubs, started against a fleet of schooners representing the New York Yacht Club over a course from off Stapleton, Staten Island, to and around the New York Lightship, a distance of about forty miles. The "Magic" won, sailing the course in 3 hours, 58 minutes and 26 seconds. The original "America" was fourth, in 4 hours, 23 minutes and 51 seconds, and the "Cambria" tenth, in 4 hours, 37 minutes and 38 seconds. In 1871 the conditions were changed so that the New York Yacht Club could name a competitor to sail against the challenging yacht—best of seven races. Mr. Ashbury having challenged for the cup with his schooner "Livonia," the result was as follows: October 16—New York Yacht Club course, schooner "Columbia" beat "Livonia" by 27 minutes and 4 seconds; October 18—Outside course, 20 miles from Lightship and return, dead to windward, "Columbia" won by 10 minutes and 33 seconds; October 19—New York Yacht Club course, "Livonia" beat "Columbia" (disabled) by 15 minutes and 10 seconds; October 21—Outside course, schooner "Sappho" beat "Livonia" by 31 minutes and 21 seconds; October 23—New York Yacht Club course, "Sappho" beat "Livonia" by 25 minutes and 27 seconds.

On August 11, 1876, New York Yacht Club course, schooner "Madeline," representing New York Yacht Club, beat the Canadian schooner "Countess of Dufferin" by 10 minutes and 59 seconds; August 12—Outside course, 20 miles to windward from Sandy Hook and return, "Madeline" beat "Countess of Dufferin" by 27 minutes and 14 seconds. The "America" sailed over the course on this race, and finished 19 minutes and 9 seconds in front of "Countess of Dufferin."

On November 9, 1881, New York Yacht Club course, sloop "Mischief," representing New York Yacht Club, beat the Canadian sloop "Atlanta" by 28 minutes and 30 seconds; November 10—Outside course, 16 miles to leeward from buoy No. 5 and return to windward, "Mischief" beat "Atlanta" by 38 minutes and 54 seconds. In the winter of 1881-82 the America's cup was returned by the New York Yacht Club to the only surviving original owner, Mr. George L. Schuyler, who again presented the cup to the club with amended conditions, that required the challenging yacht to represent an organized yacht club having its annual regatta over an ocean watercourse, the yacht selected to be not less than 30 or more than 300 tons, measured by the Custom House rule of the country of the challenging party, which must proceed under sail, on their own bottoms, to the port where the contest is to take place.

On September 14, 1885, New York Yacht Club course, sloop "Puritan," representing the Eastern Yacht Club, beat the "Genesta," representing the Royal Northern Yacht Club, by 10 minutes and 2 seconds; September 16—Outside course, 20 miles to leeward and return—the return was not strictly to windward, owing to the wind shifting—"Puritan" beat "Genesta" 1 minute and 8 seconds. Four other attempts were made to sail these races, all of which were failures.

On September 7, 1886, New York Yacht Club course, sloop "Mayflower," representing the Eastern Yacht Club, beat cutter "Galatea," representing the Royal Northern Yacht Club, by 10 minutes and 2 seconds; September 11—Outside course, 20 miles to leeward and return, "Mayflower" beat "Galatea" 29 minutes and 9 seconds. Two other attempts were made to sail these races—both were failures—in one of which the course was sailed, the "Mayflower" winning, but not within the fixed time of 7 hours.

On September 27, 1887, New York Yacht Club course, sloop "Volunteer," representing the Eastern and New York Yacht Clubs, beat the "Thistle," representing Royal Clyde Yacht Club, 19 minutes and 23 seconds; September 29—Outside course, 20 miles to windward and return, "Volunteer" beat "Thistle" 11 minutes, 47 seconds. After the races the deed of gift was again amended, the more important changes being to limit the challengers to sloops or cutters of not less than 65 or more than 90 feet, and schooners of not less than 80 or more than 115 feet on load-water line; that the races shall be sailed without time allowance, that the challenging club shall give ten months' notice and that all races shall be on ocean courses, free from headlands, as follows: First race, 20 nautical miles to windward and return; the second race an equilateral triangular race of 39 nautical miles, the first side of which shall be a beat to windward; the third race, if necessary, 20 nautical miles to windward and return. The changes in the "deed of gift," as above described, were deemed so unsatisfactory, both at home and abroad, that the following resolution was adopted at a general meeting of the New York Yacht Club held May 17, 1888:

"Resolved, That the terms under which the races between the 'Genesta' and 'Puritan,' 'Galatea' and 'Mayflower,' 'Thistle' and 'Volunteer' were sailed are considered satisfactory to this club, and a challenge under these terms would be accepted, but with the positive understanding that if the cup is won by the club challenging it shall be held under and subject to the full terms of the new deed, terms of which are distinct, fair and sportsmanlike."

The secretary sent copies of the resolution to British yacht clubs. In May, 1889, the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, on behalf of Lord Dunraven, challenged the New York Yacht Club for the America's cup, nau-

ing the cutter "Valkyrie." There was considerable correspondence, but, owing to some misunderstanding as to the terms of the deed of gift by the challengers, the whole matter went over. Lord Dunraven writing the New York Yacht Club under date of August 16: "I regret the postponement, but trust the matter may yet come off." And it did two years ago—in October, 1893—the result of which is well known.

DRINK.

ALL through the past week Sue had been oddly happy. Her little boy had not had a touch of that hateful croup for a long time, now; and Luke Galt, her husband, had got work at last. He had not drank a drop for three whole months, but the hard times, added to his known vice, had kept him from securing work. Everybody had seemed to remember that on three different occasions he had been discharged for drunkenness. In vain he declared that he would never again touch liquor; in vain his handsome, healthful face gave support to this avowal. "You're an excellent workman; we know about you," one superintendent had kindly said. "You ought to have been a foreman, by this time. But there's no trusting you, I hear. You'll keep straight as a string for two, three, four months, and then your demon will grip you again. Besides, we're discharging hands, just now, anyway. So good-morning, Luke Galt; good-morning."

Luke was proud, in his way, and it cost him a keen pang to beg for work in the name of his starving wife and child. But he did beg for it in these terms, and at length he got it, too. Eleven dollars a week seemed a god send now. Last year he would have laughed in the face of any one who had offered it to him.

To-night was Saturday night, and by ten minutes past six o'clock Sue began to grow nervous. Always that horror was over her. Each tick of the big kitchen clock gave her a deeper stab. Willy, expecting his father, had been placed in his high-chair at the supper-table, near Luke's empty seat. He was a pale, flax-haired child, looking younger than his real age, which was barely five years. Sue worshiped him, and was always dreading that the insidious croup, from which he had already suffered several fierce attacks, would one day snatch him from her jealous arms.

His seizures had always come like lightning. The first had stricken him when Luke and she were far more prosperous than now. A physician of great eminence had then given her a certain prescription, which she had ever since carefully guarded. "It will save him if anything does," the famous New York doctor had said; "but much will depend upon its being used very promptly."

Sue looked at the clock, and then sought solely to busy herself with the sliced meat frying on the stove. Soon she sturdily dished the meat, and set it on the table, trying hard not to let her eyes wander toward the clock again, but hearing, somehow, that it was quarter past six, in spite of her piteous effort.

She and Luke had only a bedroom and kitchen in this downtown tenement-house whither want had drifted them. Sue loathed the building and the street. Both were full of grimy Italians, with a sprinkling of Germans almost equally coarse. Luke's recent good fortune had thrilled her with a passionate hope that they might soon find themselves in cleaner and better quarters. He was to bring home his week's wages that night—ten blessed, helpful dollars. One dollar he had borrowed from a fellow-workman last Tuesday, and given it to his wife. "Sue had not a cent of it left."

She went into the front bedroom, after putting the meat on the table and cutting a few pieces off the bread-loaf bought that afternoon with the very last of her money. All day the weather had been growing gustier and wilder. It had now roughened into a fierce January blizzard. The window-panes were so coated with frozen sleet that she could not see at all beyond them. The wind outside had begun to shudder and scream. If he had been home she would not have minded the sound. Now it pierced her more dismally than those relentless clock-ticks.

On a sudden she heard another sound, that made her start and turn. She had not heeded Willy for the last few minutes. He was always a quiet child. He had wanted to be put in his high-chair, and she had let him have his way. He had seemed, while she dished the meat, to be playing harmlessly enough with the knife and fork before him, grasping the handle of each in either pale little hand and striking one against the other with listless clashes.

In a trice Sue darted back to where he sat. His head had fallen sideways; his face had got a chalky tinge; from his throat came the muffled, stertorous rattle that she knew so well.

She caught him in her arms and flew back with him to the bedroom. She laid him on the bed, and then applied what immediate remedies she remembered. But these were not enough. The prescription! She hurried to a bureau drawer and found the bottle which had contained it when last made up. Not a drop was left! But the paper—she knew where to find that. With slight trouble she did find it.

The only apothecary for many streets away was Zundorf, a German, notoriously gruff and unkind. Wrapping a stout shawl over her head, Sue slipped downstairs, and out into the blinding whirls of snow. If any one passed her she did not know it, so low had she bent her shrouded head.

Zundorf was a small man, with a crown bald as an apple and a stubble of tawny beard. He looked sneeringly at Sue from behind a pair of indigo glasses that did not let you see what color his eyes were, though in reality they had little reddish circles, like a rat's.

No, he wouldn't make up any prescription without pay. This would cost a dollar, and he must see the dollar before he began on it. Dying child? Oh, yes. Too bad. But he had his living to make. It wasn't any good coaxing. He couldn't trade on promises; he'd been fooled so many times before that he'd shut down on all that kind of business now and forever.

Sue saw there was no use. She caught the prescription from off the counter, thrust it into the bosom of her dress, and sped back again to her rooms.

"Luke! You're home! Oh, Luke, I'm so glad! I was afraid—"

Then she drew back. He stood beside the bed where Willy lay. His right hand was raised, as if playfully, over the child. Her side-view of his face made her believe, at first, that only a loving smile lighted it. Then the ridges of rime on his coat, and a certain rearward totter that he gave, stung her with doubt. As he turned full upon her, she saw the leer, the sluggish flash, the bloodshot eyes . . . all was plain, then.

But she thought only of the child. "Luke, tell me, tell me: Have you brought any money? Willie's sick; he's awful sick. It's croup again!" She shrielled more words into his face as he stood unsteadily swaying before her.

"Money, Sue?" he mumbled. Then, though incoherently, he spoke some words whose meaning she gathered. He had brought home the ten dollars, all but a dollar or so. Certain acquaintances had led him off. He had taken only three or four drinks, but she knew how he never could stand anything as could most other men, and how his long sober term had made it harder still.

She believed him; she knew he was telling her the truth. They had talked it all over so often, and she had scolded him and he had borne it meekly, for withal he loved her as dearly as she loved him, and he hated his vice with all the force of her own hatred.

He stretched out his arms to her, and though she had many times recoiled from his tenderness when this curse was upon him, she let him gather her for an instant in her arms.

"Oh, Luke," she pleaded, "give me the money! Where is it? I want it for Willy—I . . ."

But he dropped inertly on his knees before her, and then fell at full length on the floor beside the bed.

She flung herself, the next instant, across the mattress, and felt Willy's forehead, face, shoulders, chest, with eager hands. He was quieter. It might mean coming death, but still he was quieter. Suddenly a shiver passed through the little frame. It stiffened in her arms, then relaxed again. The boy's breathing had the sound of air pumped into tin-resistant pipes.

"A convulsion," flashed through her thoughts. "He may have had one before, while I was away." . . . She snatched a kiss from the boy's clammy forehead; then she rose and bent above her prostrate husband.

"Luke! Luke!" she moaned. "Where is the money? I can get the prescription with it if you'll only give it to me. There's time yet! Luke! Luke!"

While speaking she searched his pockets. She knew them all so well! She had sewed rents and darned holes in every garment he wore. Pockets of waistcoat, pockets of trousers, pockets of inside coat, pockets of drenched and icy overcoat—she searched them all. Not a sign of money—not a bill, not a dime, not a cent!

"Luke! Luke!" she kept crying. "Wake up! Wake up, for God's sake! If I could only get the money you said you've brought!"

Thick, guttural, drunken snores kept answering her. Again and again she searched. Mixed with Luke's snores came that pathetic, half-strangled wheeze from the bed.

"I—I can't find it!" she gasped to herself, standing upright. "He's lied to me." . . . Then, even at this hour, a pang of self-reproach pierced her faithful breast.

"No, no, no! He's never yet lied to me! He did bring it home—all but a dollar or so, just as he said!"

Perhaps the sharp, whipping sound of the bitter sleet against the windows of the next room gave her a certain new idea. She ran to one of these windows and tried with both upward-straining hands to open it. At first she failed, so tight was the sash frozen to the sill. Then, with a great, new strain, she made an aperture large enough for her to stretch both hands through it and scoop from the outer ledge a quantity of glistening sleet. With this she hurried to Luke. She pressed it upon his face and temples; she held it to his brow until she grew frightened and brushed it away on the wretched rag of a carpet that scarcely covered the bedroom floor.

"Sue!"

He lifted himself on one elbow. He stared full at her in the sallow lamplight. His look was sane and unwavering, now, though still bloodshot.

"Luke! Thank God, you're yourself again! I want the money—some money—any money! You said you'd brought some home. I want it for Willy. The druggist at the corner." . . . And so, in a pell-mell torrent the words were poured from her trembling lips.

Luke got up on his feet before she had finished. He reeled a little, at first, and put one hand to his ice-cool head.

"The—the money? I—I gave it to the boy, Sue. At least, I guess I did. It seems to me that I did. I came in, and you wasn't here. I—I looked down at the bed, and I seen him. I didn't know he was sick. P'raps I was too drunk to see it. I—I guess I'd made it all up into a kind of little wad, and I held it over him, thinking he'd catch it, as he does a cake, or a nut, or anything I bring him. I guess he did catch it, too. I thought you'd come, in a minute, and I'd tell you he had it there, in his little fist. . . . Sue! Sue! What's the matter? What are ye bendin' over him for, like that?"

Sue had gone round to the other side of the bed. In one tight-clinched hand Willy indeed clutched "a kind of tight little wad"—bills, with some silver coins enfolded by them. This was the money that might have saved him if it had come in time. But all the wealth of all the world could not save him now.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE vagaries of a mind ill-equipped for such subjects as theology treats were well illustrated recently at Athens, Ga. William Hayne Wood, once a lay Methodist preacher, turned, not long ago, and went so far as to hold opposition meetings, while a revival meeting was in progress at High Shoals, at which he denounced the preachers and tried to reconcile the Bible. Afterward he experienced a change, and sent up a note to the minister in charge of the revival saying that he believed in a hell and that he was doomed for it.

HOW TO PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT.

SUPPOSE it should turn out that this country is altogether in the dark, as to our rights in the contest now being waged against us by the European gold standard advocates?

I presume you have read the latest about international bimetalism; that England will not join, on the authority of Mr. Balfour, in an international agreement as to silver coinage. That statesman posed not long ago as the bimetallic champion of England; but he was out of power then, and could indulge theory. His metaphor about the "harnessing" of gold and silver was harmless; but now it is different. All England speaks through the young statesman now. England gives no quarter. We must fight it out. With a view to finding out what there is at the other end of this monetary tangle I am beginning with a scheme that England herself adopted a long time ago, and is still working on, to her own enrichment. I mean the Consols, Funds or Annuities, representing money that England is not bound to pay back, but on which three per cent is paid in perpetuity.

To start the inquiry, therefore, I favor the issue of irredeemable United States bonds, interest at three per cent to be paid in perpetuity, principle not payable by the Government at all, said bonds to be issued in amount sufficient to wipe out the present national debt and to be made the basis of a permanent national banking system whose bills shall be full legal tender for all debts, public and private. These annuities should be issued in small denominations, so as to be within reach of our own people wishing to invest their surplus earnings with absolute safety. These savings amount now to more billions than the consolidated irredeemable debt of Great Britain. The question as to whether they, too, along with the rest of our American money, must conform to the European gold standard, in order to be money of purchase in the world's markets and money of redemption in the world's exchanges, will then be practically exemplified.

What valid objection can be urged against this proposition? We assume that our alleged silver difficulties, as Europe sees it, is a consideration of values and nothing more—the relative intrinsic values, that is, of gold and silver coins. It is clear that, on the intrinsic-value theory of money, the question of standards cannot fail to be a hopeless tangle, as between debtor nations and creditor nations. But taking the savings of individual industry as a basis, what opening for dispute is there on the main proposition—namely, that when lawful coin money-tokens and bills are laid aside as representing the profit of legitimate service, labor and trade over cost of living such tokens and bills are bona-fide money, irrespective of the gold supply or the silver supply of the world. If the savings of labor and legitimate trade are not money, what is?

The merits of the irredeemable investment system have not been fully appreciated by the American people. Do we not know that the bulk of the world's wealth is irredeemably invested, that it is earning money and property for its owners, supporting them, giving them the amenities and refinements of life—that, in a word, the earth and the fullness thereof is held by man for its earning capacity alone, whether these earnings be represented by money or by the necessities and refinements and comforts of life? Going a step further, are not the strictly money-making properties of the Exchange held for the most part as irredeemable investments? Speaking still more practically, every time our bonds have fallen due, have not the new refunding bonds been taken up without delay by the bankers of the world? Then why make the bonds payable at all? If money is always seeking investment—which is a fact—why not make the investment permanent?

Can this country afford to have a perpetual national debt? In the first place, that question is not very serious in this connection. As we are going on at present—and until the greenbacks that drain out our gold are retired—not only is our national debt likely to be perpetual, but our monetary dependence upon Europe is becoming more and more abject. If we retire the greenbacks, and issue annuities to wipe out the redeemable bonds, the situation cannot possibly be worse than it is, even if the bulk of the annuities are taken by Europe. If the popular loan feature is adhered to, as herein proposed, there will be a double gain. The interest will be kept at home to enrich the country, and if foreign annuity-holders wish to realize the face value of their investments, they can raise the money from some other European who lives on annuities, and cannot demand the money from anybody over here; but if offered for sale and bought in the American market that will lessen the drain of interest money to the other side.

It is not necessary to defend the permanent investment system. But, with particular reference to our own ability to pay three per cent for money, I call the attention of all objectors to the fact that we have been paying more ever since the Civil War. As for the future, the undeveloped natural wealth of this country is abundant collateral to be made "good" and kept so by the energy, patriotism and economy of our own people. England made herself the commercial mistress of the world, by wars of conquest and spoliation paid for with money now represented by the Consols or Consolidated Debt. Why can not we use money obtained by irredeemable bonds in developing the naturally richest country in the world? Let us hear from our readers. We shall see many things more clearly at the end of the discussion than we do now.

"ERASMUS, are you sure these are spring chickens?"

"Yes, missus. Dey war broughten up right under my own eye."

"You watched them growing all the spring?"

"Yes, missus—and all spring afore that. Yab, dey is spring chickens."

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and reliable remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.




THE PHANTOM SHIP.

HEARING was begun in the United States Circuit Court at St. Paul, August 28, in the suit to prevent an alliance between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railways. Two of the principal arguments in favor of the alliance are as follows: First, it would save both roads an enormous expenditure in double-tracking where they now run parallel. Secondly, the Great Northern cannot complete its nineteen miles into Portland, Ore., without bridging the gap at a cost of eight million dollars; consolidation with the Northern Pacific would obviate this expense. The opposition is based on the general statement that the alliance would be ruinous to the smaller stockholders. Both of these statements so far are founded on fact.

ABRAM S. HEWITT says that England as a naval and military power was never stronger than she is to-day. But among the English people themselves, there appears to be a feeling that the Navy requires strengthening and better organization.

CASPAR WARRINGTON WHITNEY of California has recently been through the great Northwest as far as the Arctic Circle, traveling nineteen hundred miles on snowshoes, and five hundred miles in boats and canoes. He is



YACHTING BELLE

IT'S - O TO SAIL THE SEAS WITH HER
WHOSE EYES ARE BLUER THAN THE BLUE
OF ALL THE CLOUDLESS SKIES ABOVE,
AND WONDROUS AS THE DEPTHS THEREOF!

HER SNOWY GOWN WITHOUT A FLECK, -
AH! WHAT A CHARM IT LENDS THE DECK!
AND NOT MORE GRACEFUL IS THE GULL
THAN SHE IN EITHER BREEZE OR LULL.

LIFE IS A VOYAGE, - THE WISE-BRAINS SAY -
A SAILING-ON FROM DAY TO DAY;
HOW BLISSFUL WERE THAT OCEAN TRIP
WITH HER AS THE COMPANION SHIP!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

the first white man who has ever accomplished the journey in winter.

THE fastest mile ever trotted at Fleetwood Park, this city, or on any other Grand Circuit track, was made August 28 by the California gelding Azote at Fleetwood in 2.05½. The mare Benzetta was separately timed in the same race at 2.06½, though she cast a shoe at the half-mile post. It was reported that the mare was bought for W. E. D. Stokes after the race for sixteen thousand five hundred dollars. Azote's mile has been beaten by Alix at Terre Haute in 2.05½ and by Directum in 2.05½ at Nashville. The trotting record, by Nancy Hanks, stood at 2.03½, August 29; and two thousand dollars was offered by the trotting club if Azote would beat it on that date.

MR. CLARENCE HERBERT New of Brooklyn has added to his reputation as a clever story-teller by his latest production, "Frane Elliott." Heretofore Mr. New has been known chiefly for his bright and successful short stories, but "Frane Elliott" is quite a pretentious novel, which is well spoken of by all the critics.

It is a curious fact that while the right hand is generally larger than the left, the left foot is bigger and stronger than the right.



THE HALT BY THE WAY.

VILLAGE LIFE IN CHINA.

SOME one has said that there are more villages in China than in any other country on the face of the globe, and strangely enough the Chinese villages are grouped in clusters, usually three or four, and frequently half a dozen.

A sojourn of a month in an isolated Chinese village—for instance, that of Shang Hong Lee—gives one opportunity to study the rural Celestial in all his Oriental glory. The visitor seeking the gate of Shang Hong Lee will find it in the beautiful valley of See Kue in the Hoi Sing district of the Kwong Sing province, of which the well-known city of Canton is the capital. It lies about ninety miles southwest of Canton and about one hundred miles west from Hong Kong. It has about four hundred inhabitants.

The hundred or more houses in the village of Shang Hong Lee are all of the same size, of same height and front the same way. The people do not want to obstruct one another with their houses of uneven height from the view of the valley which lies in front of the village. Back of this village is a forest of trees and bamboos. In front is a large fish pond. On the right is an assembly hall where the men and children of the village congregate. Here the men smoke their tobacco pipes and chat for hours in the evening. On the left is the large ancestral hall. The school is held in this building. One of the gates to the village is at this place, the other is in front of the assembly hall.

Every one in the village is a relative of the other, all bearing the family name of "Jee," being the descendants of Jee-Pong Dang and Jee-Pong Duke, two brothers who emigrated there about two hundred years ago. Invariably the Chinese give the family name first. For instance, in the case of Jee Gam, Jee is the surname and Gam the given name. The Chinese say they show greater respect and honor to their parents by mentioning their name first.

The principal product of the village is rice, two crops of which are planted each year. One is called the dry or early crop, beginning in February and March, to be harvested in June. The other is called the wet and late crop, beginning in June and July, the gathering of which is in October. After the last crop of rice has been harvested, the plowing of the fields at once begins; then the farmer commences planting vegetables, and thus he keeps on working, industriously and patiently, the whole year round.

In the village home life the oldest person in the household is the head of the family—that is, if the grandfather or grandmother are living; but if they are dead, then the husband or father becomes the head, but the wife or mother is always consulted in all important matters. She is not a slave, as a great many people in this country suppose; for the word wife in Chinese means one equal. She is really the helpmate to her husband. The home is absolutely presided over by her. The parents support and educate their sons as far as they are able. In return the sons honor, support and take care of them as long as they live. When the oldest son marries, then his wife takes charge of the household affairs. His mother's rest then begins, and continues during the remainder of her life. The daughters are not educated, generally, for the people think that their education is hardly a necessity. When they reach the eighteenth summer they generally marry and then leave their parental roof, and are welcomed to the homes of their husbands. The young ladies all marry, and there are no old maids in China. The betrothal of the young people is made by the parents; but the sons have to give their consent first.

A BOHEMIAN NIGHT IN TOKIO.

IMAGINE, if you please, an evening of Bohemian gaiety, of feasting and good-fellowship, with two-score of Japanese journalists, wits and poets, at home in Tokio. If imagination could make such a scene a reality, it would not be necessary to describe in detail the unique entertainment given once upon a time by the famous Maple Club of Tokio.

Every leading journal in the Empire was represented at this reunion of good fellows. The editors of Tokio were there in force, and also their brethren from Kobe and from Yokohama, and thus in harmony met the fiery writers for the *Nichi Nichi* and the *Myoko* and the *Nihon Kyokko*, and the *Eitri Dempo*, *Hochi*, *Kyokai*, *Tokyo Asahi*, *Eitri-Jiji*, *Bokei Kaishin Shinbun*, *Isami*, *Gushu*, *Mainichi*, *Yamato*, *Jiji Shimpo*, *Kokumin*, *Yamato*, *Chugai Choya* and several others.

While the entertainment was announced primarily as a private exhibition of "no" dancing and "a viewing of the early maple leaves," opportunity was taken by the journalists to hold out the hand of friendship to each other and make advances toward a nearer intimacy between the foreign and the Japanese members of the press. The masonic spirit which animates the craft all over the world when assembled around the convivial board enabled this most desirable object to be speedily attained.

Before the elaborate dinner there was dancing of the most interesting sort—the *Hashi-benkei* and *Matogi* or fan dance. The latter was a very chaste example of the old-style diversion, and was performed by a little maiden named Aisan. The other, of course, possessed greater interest for the foreigners, being more stirring and novel. It is founded upon an episode in the early life of Yokohama. The *Benkei* was danced by Tome-san, another Oriental beauty, and she gained enthusiastic plaudits at the close of her realistic portrayal of the character.

Then the dinner—words cannot describe it; for to print in cold English type the names of the rare edibles prepared by one of the best chefs in all Japan would be likened to the printing of a page from a Chinese novel. Between the courses of the feast there was more dancing, an exhibition of the *Yamato-nishiki*. The performers were Aisan, Masa-san, Masu-san, Moto-san and Samasan. This was exceedingly pretty, and, perhaps, the most thoroughly enjoyed. The costumes worn throughout were object lessons in art, the embroideries on the rich silks and gauzes being exceptionally fine in execution and design.

Editor Y. Kuwatani of the *Choya Shinbun* made a witty speech, worthy of Chauncey M. Depew, and M. Horri of the *Jiji Shimpo* delivered an oration which reminded one of Ingersoll. In the course of an elegant address, which was frequently interrupted by loud outbursts of assenting applause, he said that the journalists of Japan, both foreign and native, should always be willing to join hands on such Bohemian occasions, no matter what might be the policies of their respective papers. Speaking for the rest of the vernacular press, he welcomed the foreign journalists among them that evening, and hoped that it would lead to a closer and better acquaintance all round. The press had a great future before it in Japan. The foreign press had to introduce Japan to the world, and it devolved upon them to convey a true impression. The Japanese press had to voice and lead public opinion, and upon them lay the responsibility of helping the nation to right ideals and correct standards. Therefore, it behooved them to present a true picture of what was passing in Japan, so that the foreign journalists could properly interpret the nation's aspirations to the outside world. They were therefore mutually dependent one upon the other, and a meeting of this Bohemian kind, he thought, helped them to know one another and better understand each other's motives.

Then there was more dancing, more feasting, another passing of the cheering cup, and the fun and frolic continued until sunrise.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

HOW SLATIN PASHA WAS PUNISHED.

HOW well Slatin Pasha tells the story of his barbarous treatment by the Mahdi! These are his own words written with his own pen:

"I was kept for eight months in chains by the Mahdi. The chains were of the thickness of my wrist, one round my neck and two about my arms and legs. In addition to this, I was tied to a pole like a dog or a bear. This treatment did not begin immediately upon my capture. The Mahdists never, of course, treated me very cordially, but considering their fanaticism toward all unbelievers, I had really not very much to complain of before I was cast into chains. To the Mahdists, all non-Mahdists are infidels, whether Mohammedan, Christian, Jew, or anything else, and all infidels are deemed worthy only to be slain. I was taken in the Mahdi's suite to Khartoum, and when we arrived at the walls, the Mahdi asked me to write a letter to General Gordon, calling upon him to surrender. Accordingly I wrote a letter in German, which no one in the Mahdi's camp could control in any way, and it was duly dispatched. No answer, however, was returned, and from that, as well as from other indications, the Mahdi concluded that I had not carried out his wishes. Therefore he cast me into chains.

"For the next eight months I was very badly treated. The chains were so heavy that I could scarcely rise up at all. When we moved from place to place, I was put on a donkey, and two men walked by the side to prop me up. The object of this was to prevent my escaping into Khartoum, which they suspected I intended to do. When Khartoum fell, the Mahdists found certain documents which they considered incriminating, so they increased my irons and their severity toward me. Within an hour of Gordon's death his head was brought to me in my prison, wrapped up in a cloth which they unfolded before me. I had no difficulty in recognizing it at once. For some reason or other they had taken it into their heads that I was Gordon's nephew, and no amount of arguing could disabuse them of that notion. They thought they recognized a likeness, and they kept repeating that we both had fair hair and blue eyes, as if that were conclusive. After all, one European seems very like another to them, just as one negro seems like another to us. I heard full details of Gordon's death afterward; and shall publish them in my book next October. Gordon defended Khartoum as well as it was possible for him to do under the circumstances. I think Gordon might have escaped from Khartoum, had he wished to do so, at the last moment. He was killed on the top of the steps of the palace during the first rush of the invaders. One of the foremost men plunged a spear into his body; he was dragged down the steps in a wild tumult, and pierced through and through by countless spears.

"For three months my diet consisted only of various kinds of corn, chiefly dourra, not ground, but in its hard indigestible state. Afterward I was given beans and a kind of polenta. They would no doubt have killed me but that they considered me too valuable a prisoner. I had been Governor-General of the Province of Darfur, and it added to their prestige to take me about with them and exhibit me as their prisoner. Besides, they thought it might be possible for them to make use of the influence I possessed in the district. I suffered a good deal in health during my confinement, being attacked by fever and dysentery. No one made any attempt at nursing me, or provided me with any remedies. I had to lie on the bare ground with a stone for my pillow, and was afforded no comfort or relaxation of any kind. I was released a couple of months or so before the Mahdi died, but the strictest watch was kept over me. On the death of the Mahdi I was made one of the Khalifa's bodyguard, which meant that I was practically always under his eye. I used generally to be stationed outside his door, and was liable to be called in to do his bidding at any moment. Of the two, I preferred the Mahdi to the Khalifa. Until he threw me into chains, the Mahdi was comparatively amiable to me. He was a man of some education, knew how to read and write, and possessed an intimate acquaintance with the Mohammedan religion. The Khalifa has not the religious prestige of his predecessor, and is alienating many of his supporters by an attempt to found a dynasty. This he has no earthly right to do either by law or tradition. Before his son could succeed him, other Khalifas appointed by the late Mahdi would have a prior claim. Very strict rules are in force against either drinking spirituous liquors or smoking tobacco. Nor do the Mahdists use opium or hashish—for one reason, because they are not procurable. Any one caught smoking tobacco is liable to a punishment

of a hundred lashes and the confiscation of all his property. In spite of that, there are still a good many persons who venture to do it secretly. All these regulations are simply a cloak for the most monstrous immorality. The Khalifa has a harem of four or five hundred women, and devotes a large part of his time to its amenities.

"The Khalifa maintains his influence by tyranny and despotism, and the inhabitants—other than his own tribe—look forward anxiously to the time when Egypt will once again claim her lost provinces. But that is not a project to be undertaken too lightly, and when we do set about it we must be sure that we are able to carry it out to a successful issue."

SLATIN PASHA.

THE FIRST ENVELOPE.

IT seems that the Milwaukee Public Museum has recently added to its collection the first envelope ever cut on a machine by the United States Government and the "jackknife" pattern by which it was made. The two envelopes are of precisely the same size and shape, are larger than the ordinary commercial envelope and somewhat smaller than the official envelopes used at present by the Government. They are cut out of thin buff paper, and are in a state of perfect preservation.

It does not seem to be generally known that the real inventor of the envelope was Elias L. Gumaer, who was appointed superintendent of the folding-room of the House of Representatives during the first term of Martin Van Buren's administration (1837), and held the office some ten or twelve years. The postage reform act of 1839 had paved the way for envelopes, which had previously been prohibited by the fact that double postage was charged for two pieces of paper, no matter of what size or weight. It was shortly after the passage of this bill that Mr. Gumaer invented his envelope and the machine for cutting it. Both were accepted by Congress.

A friend who was much with Mr. Gumaer in the folding-room at the time has written the inventor's son an interesting account of the making of the envelope. This gentleman well remembers seeing Mr. Gumaer draw its form with pencil and rule, cut it out on a board with a sharp jackknife, fold it, and fasten it together with home-made paste.

Evidently the inventor neither patented his envelope nor the machine for cutting it, since the first American patent was issued about ten years later to J. K. Park and C. S. Watson. Upward of three hundred patents on envelopes can now be found on record.

In 1848 Mr. Gumaer removed to Wisconsin, and died, in 1877, at his residence near Shawano. It was there, in a trunk full of old family papers, the first envelopes were found by a son of the inventor and were by him presented to the Milwaukee Public Museum.

AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

THAT the Emperor William is never too much engaged to listen to the genuine petitions of even the humblest of his subjects has been proved once more. A poor seamstress, crippled by illness, was told that her health might be entirely restored by a second visit to the country, and by again undergoing the cure prescribed for her by the doctor. On the first occasion her poor neighbors had scraped together enough money to defray her expenses, but she could not bring herself to solicit further assistance from those so little able to spare it as they. At last, in despair, she wrote a long letter to the Emperor, stating all her troubles, and begging him to send her the few marks required for the journey. His Majesty commanded the truth of the story to be tested, and on learning that the poor creature had exaggerated nothing, at once sent her four hundred marks (one hundred dollars) instead of the two or three shillings for which she had asked.

FRENCHMEN are great believers in women's work, and a splendid tribute to the educational value of women has just been paid by the *Temps*, which strongly advocates their appointment to all State schools for boys up to the age of twelve years. The military laws of the country cause, it seems, an annual diminution in the number of male schoolmasters, and there seems some danger of the supply ultimately falling far short of the demand. The *Temps* suggests that this possibility should be anticipated by appointing schoolmistresses, so that young France seems more than likely to be trained by the gentler sex. Woman, says this influential organ, is a far better educator than man, and boys trained by her up to an age when firm discipline is required are certain to have the foundation of stronger and nobler characters laid than when placed from early childhood in the hands of men. This is indeed a tribute to the sex.

It has come to a pretty pass when the Hungarian Count Bela Zichy is obliged to travel under an assumed name to avoid being pointed out, by his fellow cabin passengers on board ship, as another nobleman coming over here to marry an American heiress. The Count is well known in Newport and other swell society, and this is his own explanation of his recent *incog*. Some of our enterprising news-gatherers have had the Count loitering about Dakota divorce courts for some time, under the name of Boyer, waiting for a wealthy society wife to free herself. The scribes seem to have been right about the Count's penchant for *incogs*, anyhow.

Proud Father (who has just been presented with a son)—"Flossy, little daughter, which would you like best to have—a little sister or a little brother?"

Flossy (meditatively)—"Well, papa, if it's just the same to you, I think I'd rather have a little white rabbit."

A STRAIGHT LINE.

A QUICK LINE.

A THROUGH LINE.

A POPULAR LINE.

To all points in New York State.

The Modern West Shore Railroad.

Elegant Sleeping Cars.

Five Fast Trains to the West.

Have you ever ridden on the National Express—the new limited train to Buffalo? It leaves New York at 7:30 P.M., and arrives there early next morning.

JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.

ARE the Conservatives preparing to do "justice to Ireland"? If one may judge by a recent speech made by Mr. Balfour during the late elections in England, it appears more than probable that the present Tory Government is contemplating radical remedies for the wrongs of centuries. "I learned a lesson which I shall never forget," said Mr. Balfour, "while I was in Ireland—that, after all, many of the ills of Ireland arise from the poverty of Ireland, and this poverty was, I fear, in generations now long gone by, in part the work of England and Scotland. So now the prosperity of Ireland must be sought in a closer union with those two parts of the Empire, which, I am glad to think, have entirely changed their view of what the British policy to Ireland should be. There was a time, an unhappy time, when the British Parliament thought that they were well employed in crushing out Irish manufactures in the interests of the British producer. It was a cruel and, as it has proved to be, a stupid policy. But if England and Scotland had it in their power to do a great economic injury to Ireland in the past, they surely have shown that it is now in their power to confer great economic advantages upon Ireland in the future. Some efforts of that kind were made by us, by the Government of which I was a member, between 1886 and 1892. I see no sufficient reason why that policy, then successfully carried out to a certain point, should not be continued; and I would put it to my Irish friends whether they do not think that a policy of that kind is, in the long run, better for the Irish people than abortive efforts for a separate nationality."

Take these words of the Conservative leader in the House of Commons in connection with Mr. Horace Plunkett's pertinent remarks and one cannot well help concluding that there is something in the wind: "Not only has Ireland, as the leader of the House has pointed out, been robbed of her manufactures, but having been thus rendered an exclusively agricultural country, she has been by that fact exposed to all the disadvantages in a maximum degree, and deprived of all but the most meager and doubtful advantages of that great policy of Free Trade from which England as a manufacturing country has reaped such benefits."

The *Saturday Review*, commenting on this speech of Mr. Plunkett's, says: "We are in all this heartily in accord with Mr. Plunkett. England first ruined Ireland's cattle trade by prohibitive legislation; then, when Ireland took to sheep farming England crushed her wool trade, and having unquestionably reduced her weaker partner to her present condition of comparative poverty she has begun, not a day too soon, to feel her responsibility, and, under the guidance of our most considerable and far-sighted statesman, to take the only remedial measures now possible. The vice of what has been done for Ireland by Mr. Gladstone has lain in the fact that it was done under compulsion. The Clerkenwell explosion, or the solid Parnell vote, were the kind

of arguments which appealed to him. The present Unionist Government, with its huge majority, is independent of the Irish party, and can do justice to Ireland without a suspicion of yielding to pressure. Mr. Plunkett ended his speech with an earnest appeal to Irish Nationalists to co-operate with Irish Unionists in developing the material prosperity of Ireland, an object all Irishmen must unite in desiring. But even if Mr. Plunkett's appeal be successful—of which there is some hope—there remains a probable opponent to be reckoned with: we mean Mr. Chamberlain. Strange to say, on the very day Mr. Balfour made his statesmanlike speech, Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Selly Oak, near Birmingham, was vigorous and bitter in his denunciation of the recent too generous treatment of Ireland as compared with England. As Mr. Balfour appealed to the generosity and justice, to what was best, in his audience, so Mr. Chamberlain appealed to the selfishness and love of money in his. 'But in Ireland,' said Mr. Chamberlain, 'light railways are being made as a remedy for agricultural depression, but they are being made at the expense of the Imperial-Exchequer.'

THE QUEEN IN POLITICS.

In a recent number this paper published an example of how Queen Victoria really interested herself very deeply in public affairs. Here is another instance, showing what she thought of the late Lord Palmerston's somewhat reckless method of conducting affairs of moment. Her Majesty wrote to Lord John Russell:

"That he (the Foreign Secretary) will distinctly state what he proposes in a given case in order that the Queen may know distinctly to what she has given her Royal sanction, and having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. Such an act she must consider a failure in sincerity toward the Crown, and justly to be visited by her constitutional right of dismissing that Minister. She expects to be kept informed of what passes between him and the foreign Ministers before important decisions are taken; to receive the foreign dispatches in good time, and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they must be sent off."

No wonder Lord Palmerston hastened to disabuse the mind of the Queen of any notion that he intended the faintest disrespect toward his sovereign.

THE LIFE OF SEEDS.

M. CASIMIR DE CANDOLLE has contributed to the *Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles* an important paper on the latent life of seeds. From a series of experiments, chiefly on seeds of wheat, oat and fennel, he concludes that dormant seeds pass through a period of completely suspended animation, in which all the functions of the protoplasm are quiescent, but from which they revive when again placed in conditions suitable for germination. The immunity from injury appears to depend on the protoplasm of the seed passing into a completely inert state, in which it is incapable of either respiring or assimilating, before exposure to the unfavorable conditions. The period of suspended animation may extend over an indefinite time, probably through a long series of years, and the seeds may during this period be subjected to very low temperatures without destroying their vitality. Those above-mentioned were exposed, in a refrigerator, as many as one hundred and eighteen times in succession, to a sudden cooling to temperatures varying between -30° and -50° C., without injurious effects. On the other hand, seeds of the sensitive plant and of *Lobelia Erinus* succumbed, for the most part, to similar treatment. These statements have an important bearing on the question of the retention of their vitality by buried seeds.

THE well-known newspaper correspondent, Mr. Archibald Forbes, has given to the world a clever and discriminating sketch of the character and achievements of Lord Clyde. His real name was Colin MacIver, not Colin Campbell, as he has been generally called. His father, according to the *London Athenaeum*, was a Glasgow carpenter whose family had gone down in the world, while his mother belonged to a respectable branch of the Cawdor Campbells. Several of his maternal kinsfolk had held commissions in the army, and one of his uncles, Colonel John Campbell, appears to have been an officer of repute and of good standing at the Horse Guards. Colin's early schooling was received at the Glasgow High School, but when he was ten he was placed at the Royal Naval and Military Academy at Gosport by the uncle named above. At the age of fifteen

Colonel Campbell took his nephew to the Horse Guards, presented him to the Duke of York, and obtained for him the promise of a commission. The Duke remarked, while making a memorandum of his promise, "Another of the clan, I suppose?" and wrote down the youngster's name as Colin Campbell, by which name he was ever after known. The lad observed to his uncle that the Duke had entered his name wrongly, but the canny old Scotchman told him that "Campbell was a name which it would suit him, for professional reasons, to adopt."

SAYS the *London Saturday Review* about the late international Geographical Congress in London, which was attended by Judge Charles P. Daly of this city and Paul Du Chaillu: "Foremost among the veterans of African exploration who graced the Congress was Paul Du Chaillu. Years ago, when he first returned from Africa with his vivid stories of great forests, full of gorillas, pygmies and cannibals, he was received with incredulity; but Stanley and others have long since substantiated the truth of the pygmies and cannibals, while the gorillas will always be identified with the name of their discoverer, who very likely only followed in the steps of the Carthaginian Hanno. Every one knows the achievements of Paul Du Chaillu, recorded in his delightful books, but every one does not know that he is one of the most charming raconteurs imaginable. Descended from an old Huguenot family, his strong French accent gives a cachet of its own to his stories. Brought up as a Calvinist, predestination and the other gloomy doctrines of Geneva never vexed his kind and genial soul. Furthermore, he has written the best book we have on Scandinavia. He is about to start for Russia to live among the peasantry in order to study their life. In his 'Viking Age' he showed himself an indefatigable student of history at first hand; and one suspects that there may be more in his theory of our origins than is at present supposed."

Odd stories creep into print about the Emperor William's sternness and meddlesomeness in all kinds of affairs; but, whatever may be his failings, there can be no question about the charm of his manner, his thoughtfulness for others, and the grace with which he dispenses even the smallest favors, and no opportunity ever escapes his Majesty of displaying the courtesy which is so characteristic of him. He is possessed of a really marvelous memory, and is a wonderfully keen observer, so that the recipients of his courteous favor often marvel when they find themselves remembered in some kindly fashion. One can scarcely wonder that Queen Victoria feels proud of this grandson when he pays her his annual visit, for she must, of course, hear from all sources how favorable is the impression he creates. Speaking of the German Emperor, not one of the least charming of his many good traits is his fondness for giving. He gives presents right and left to his English friends—presents which have no significance, save that the Emperor takes pleasure in bestowing them.

A GENTLEMAN one morning went fishing, and caught several fine trout, a brace of which he sent by a boy to Dean Swift.

The boy entered the Dean's presence without removing his cap from his head, and threw the fish on the table saying: "Master sent you these."

The Dean, wishing to give him a lesson in politeness, said: "That is not the way to behave; sit in my chair, and I will show you how to present them."

The Dean knocked at the door, then entered, hat in hand, and said: "Good-morning, sir; my master has sent you these fine trout, with his compliments."

"Thank you, my lad; and here is five shillings for yourself," replied the boy.

The Dean took the hint.

A YOUNG woman was one of the competitors in a one-legged race near Paris. She did not win, but the publication of her name has brought her a fortune, a

lawyer having long been on the search for a wooden-legged woman of that name, a large sum having been left her by a relative.

FARMING BY IRRIGATION IN THE SAN LUIS VALLEY.

THE San Luis Valley in Southwestern Colorado is a great level plain as large as the State of Connecticut, surrounded by ranges of lofty mountains, and is watered by the Rio Grande River and a score of tributary streams. It was the bottom of a great sea, whose deposits have made the soil many feet in depth. The great deposits of snow on the mountains melt and provide the irrigating canals with water for the farmer's crop. Almost perpetual sunshine and an elevation of about seven thousand feet dispel all malaria. There are no chinch bugs, potato bugs, weevil or hog cholera there. Flowing artesian wells are secured at a depth, on an average, of about one hundred feet, and at a cost of \$25 each. They are used for irrigating yards, garden and vegetable crops. The greater the depth, the stronger the pressure. The city of Alamosa, containing twelve hundred people, is irrigated and supplied from one such well. The water is pure and soft. Several thousand miles of irrigating canals have already been built, and several hundred thousand acres of land made available for farming. Irrigation is an insurance against failure of crops. Success is a question only of the application of water. The loss of the corn crop in the State of Kansas this year more than equals the cost of irrigating canals adequate to supply the entire State. The San Luis Valley grows immense crops of spring wheat, oats, barley, peas, alfalfa; all kinds of vegetables and potatoes yield the best Colorado product. The small fruits and the harder varieties of apples and pears do exceedingly well. Forty acres with a perpetual water right is enough land for the farmer of ordinary means. At the present time poultry, hogs, dairying and potatoes should be specialties. The local markets consume most of the farmer's product. Prices are from ten to fifty per cent higher than in the Missouri Valley, and the yield more than fifty per cent greater. Including such water rights, such lands are selling at \$15 per acre on time. With \$300 in cash, when the farmer arrives in the valley, his way is clear to immediate success. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad has four lines radiating from Alamosa. No company is more enterprising, better managed, or more popular with its patrons.

Box of 50 Cigars
AND AN
18K GOLD FINISHED
Watch, Chain and Chain.

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